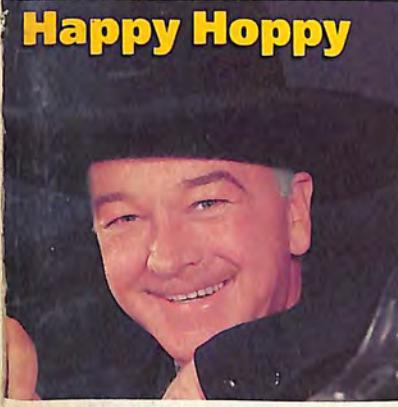


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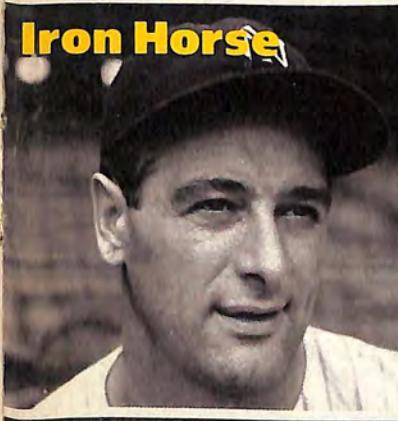
The Magazine of Then and Now

June/July 1989 \$1.95 £1.50

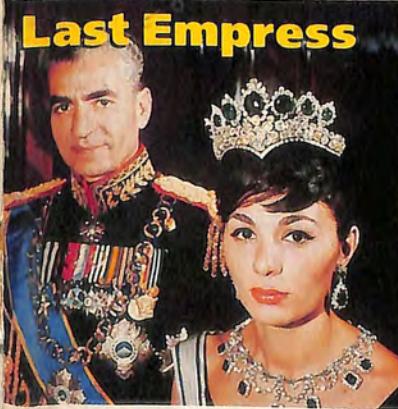
Happy Hoppy



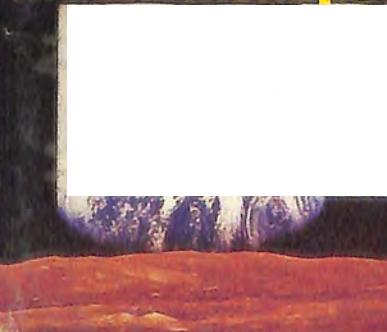
Iron Horse



Last Empress



Moon Mishaps



THE SUPREMES
Where
Did
Their
Love
Go?



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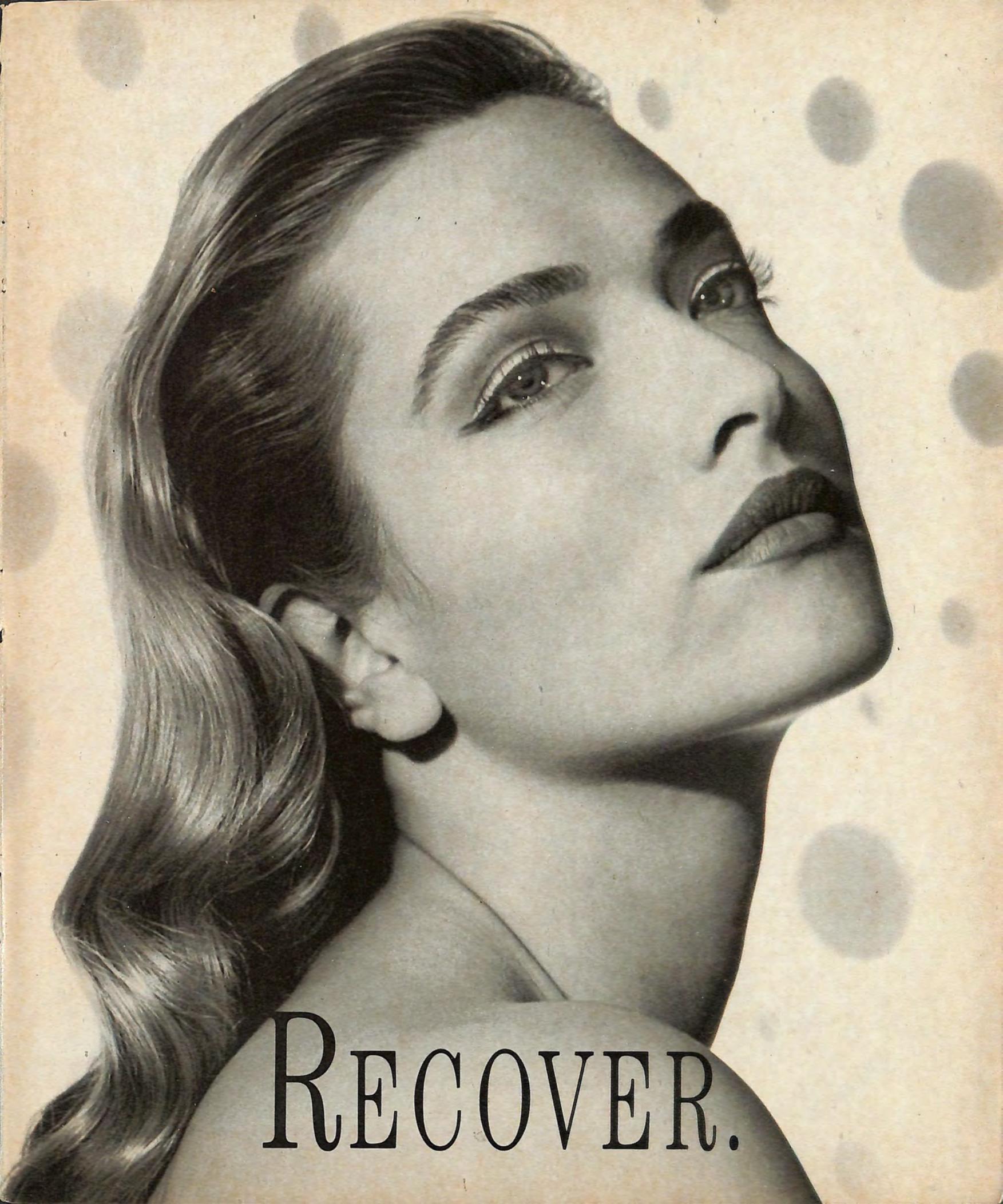
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*Now, there's no excuse to look your age. Introducing Revlon's Anti-Aging Firmagel™ Moisturizer with Sunscreen. This extraordinary breakthrough **visually firms your skin**. In fact, in consumer testing 73% of the women who used it said their skin looked noticeably firmer. What's more, after just one week of use there was a dramatic decrease in dryness and the look of lines and a significant improvement in their skin's overall texture and appearance. Better yet, our sunscreen may even help prevent premature aging of the skin caused by overexposure to the sun. So discover this unique product and recover your skin's moisture, radiance and lustre. If you find all this hard to believe—we urge you to try this product. After all, seeing is believing.*



DISCOVER.



RECOVER.

Nutrition Update: Weight Loss.



The facts are:

Any weight problem, whether it's big or small, can do more than just affect your appearance—it can affect your



outlook on life as well. Being overweight by as little as 10 lbs. can often undermine a person's sense of confidence and self-worth. To the rest of the world, you may look fine...but to you, those extra pounds may make you feel terrible about yourself. You can try dieting but the



reality is that many diets leave you feeling even hungrier and more frustrated than before.

Can you really
lose weight...without
being hungry?

In a recent clinical study, people were put into one of two groups. Both groups were told to follow the same diet (approximately 1200 calories, divided into Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner and two snacks). One group was given an over-the-counter



diet capsule. The other group an identical looking placebo (inactive) capsule. When the results were analyzed, it was found that the over-the-counter diet capsule group was significantly more successful in losing weight than the placebo group. The cap-

*Duration claim based solely on blood levels of active ingredient.

capsule that was used was Maximum Strength Dexatrim®. When asked, patients reported how effective the Dexatrim capsule was in helping them lose weight. And, in fact, the Dexatrim group lost significantly more weight.

Lose weight even when other diets fail.

The Dexatrim Diet Plan makes a difference when it comes to successful weight loss. Just one Dexatrim a day controls your appetite from morning to midnight, during meals and in-between.* Even during your peak hunger periods.

Just as important, today's Dexatrim is caffeine-free so there's no caffeine nervousness or jitteriness.

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and feel great.

and feel great.
With caffeine-
free Dexatrim.

The
appetite
suppressant
that helps
you eat less
...to lose
weight.



Memories

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER THREE, JUNE/JULY 1989

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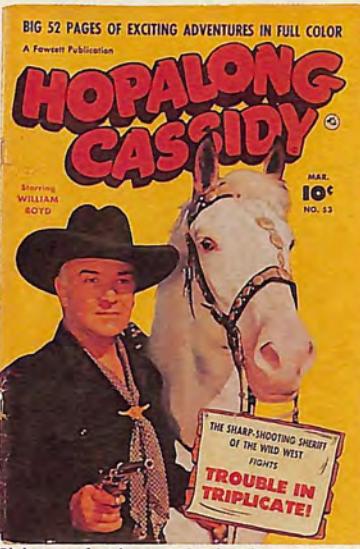
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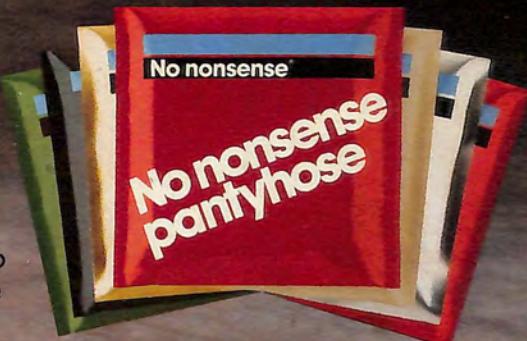
A woman with long, wavy brown hair is smiling and carrying a brown paper grocery bag filled with flowers and other items. She is wearing a red dress and black high-heeled shoes. She is walking away from a dark-colored car, with several grocery bags and a shopping cart visible in the trunk.

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FROM THE EDITOR By Carey Winfrey

Future Perfect

A hundred years ago, or was it only 25, my first boss would sometimes look at me across his desk and mutter: "Winfrey, you've got it made." I dismissed the refrain as just another of his many eccentricities. It took me only about a quarter of a century to come to an understanding of what he meant.

Sometimes, as I walk by Delphine Taylor's desk, I hear his voice, echoing through the decades. There she sits, the world in front of her: young, eager, healthy, and working for MEMORIES magazine. "Taylor," I hear myself thinking, "you've got it made."

Delphine had just graduated from college two years ago when she wrote to me looking for a summer job. She displayed perfect timing: The letter landed on my desk only hours after we'd been given a "go" for the first issue of this magazine. Had she written a week earlier—or later—she most likely would not have gotten the internship that suddenly opened up. (No letters from job applicants, please. We're fully staffed. Our résumé folder is bulging.)

She did a bit of everything for us that summer: reporting, research, fact checking, writing. An accomplished cook who had run a catering business in college, she even created some great 50's-style desserts for that first issue. By the time it went to press, she'd earned two bylines and the affection of everyone. She'd also been offered a *real* job—as opposed to a summer internship—at another magazine seeking both her culinary and her literary talents. Since we had to await the results of that first issue, we encouraged her to take it, which she did.

But clever lass that she is, the minute she heard that our magazine was a success, she called to sign up for the long voyage. We were delighted to be able to welcome her back as an associate editor.

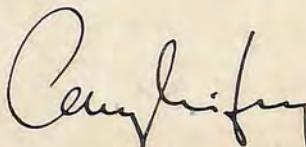
Among Delphine's many responsibilities are our "Where Are They Now?" and "Famous for 15 Minutes" departments, assignments for which, as our youngest editor, she is supremely ill suited. Since she has often never heard of the people she has to research or interview, it's been, as they say, an education. "A lot of the questions I have to ask are tricky," she says with some understatement, citing calls to inquire if so-and-so is still among the living. Or: "What exactly were the charges against you?" "What was the name of that movie you starred in?" We still tease her about the time she blurted to a movie-star-in-decline, "But you used to be so *famous!*"

The rest of us here, perhaps not without a touch of envy, also give her grief for being so young. "You mean you've *never* seen a Rita Hayworth movie?" (She swears it's so.) "You don't remember Watergate?" (She was 7 at the time.) Characteristically, she takes it all in good humor. "It's sometimes difficult working here," she says, "but that makes it all the more valuable."

As I said, "Taylor, you've got it made."

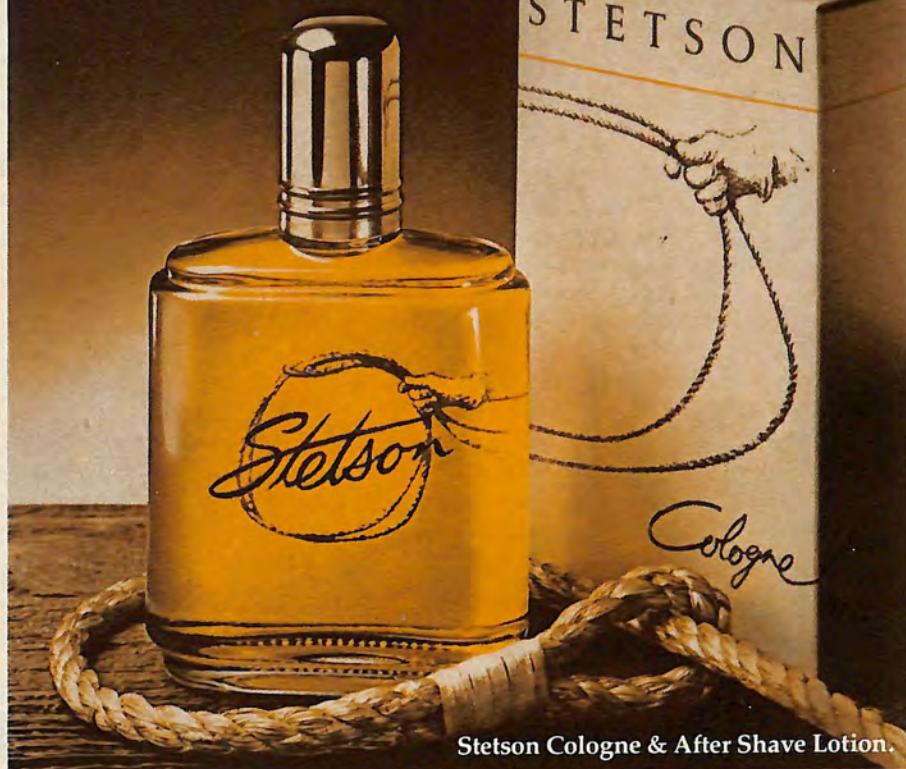


Delphine Taylor: Only 7 at the time.



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Stetson Cologne & After Shave Lotion.

LETTERS

Gaffes and Godfrey



Foreign Affairs

I BELIEVE ANNA MAGNANI WAS Rossellini's mistress and not his wife ["Notorious!"]. She would have thrown more than a bowl of spaghetti if they were actually married.

HAROLD MATTSSON
New York, N.Y.

I WAS BORN IN 1951 BUT WISH IT HAD BEEN 1900, so I could have experienced the old-fashioned virtues of decency and good manners that are now 99 percent gone. After reading "Notorious!" about Ingrid Bergman's fall from grace, I realized even more how adultery, divorce and affairs are openly accepted nowadays. Back then, it was shocking!

Vulgarity, pornography and violence fill the screen and make big money. How sad we aren't shocked anymore. I want to be shocked by what I see and hear today, because in the shock lies the link to a time when honesty, cleanliness and decency were cherished rather than degraded.

AMY ARNAZ
Boulder City, Nev.

"THE REVOLUTION THAT FAILED" certainly did bring back memories, as Che Guevara was the reason our unit spent three of the most miserable months imaginable in Bolivia, training the Bolivian Ranger company that finally tracked him. From what I have read, he

Neatness Counts.



©Geo. A. Hormel & Co. 1987

was the intellectual superior of Castro.

EDWARD J. FARRELL JR.
Lakeland, Fla.

The Fear Factor

THIRTY-EIGHT PEOPLE KNEW WHAT happened to Kitty Genovese ['38 Witnesses']. The one thing it doesn't say in your article is that people might have been afraid that the killer could go after them if they saw or knew too much. People should report stuff, afraid or not.

M. HASKINS
Rochester, N.Y.

Musical Note

WE ENJOYED BOB HALE'S REMINISCENCE of the final Buddy Holly concert ("The Day the Music Died"). But we wish to correct something that is admittedly of interest only to a devout record collector: Frankie Sardo's song was not "Take Out" but "Fake Out." It was also not a "hit"; in fact, none of Frankie's records ever made the charts.

STEVE AND PEGGY THOMPSON
La Crescenta, Calif.

Titanic Postscripts

I WOULD LIKE TO COMMEND GREGORY Jaynes on his article "A Night to Remember," which covered the 25th anniversary convention of the Titanic Historical Society. In it, however, he stated that the 10 survivors who did not attend "no longer travel well." This is not necessarily the case. Some of them simply want nothing to do with remembering the most horrible night of their lives.

For the benefit of your readers who would like to know more about the Titanic Historical Society, the address is P.O. Box 51053, Indian Orchard, Mass. 01151.

DON LYNCH
Redondo Beach, Calif.

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I HAVE enjoyed your magazine. The only complaint I have is regarding the Titanic article. A photo shows a ship you claim to be the Titanic just outside Cherbourg, France, with smoke billowing from its four stacks. The Titanic had four stacks, of course, but one was an air vent and not a usable smokestack.

Name withheld
Grand Prairie, Tex.

The fourth stack led to the ship's galley, which could produce some smoke. Also, retouchers have, at times, taken license with Titanic pictures, artificially adding smoke above the fourth stack.—Ed.

Memory Check

I PARTICULARLY ENJOYED "IT'S ARTHUR Godfrey Time." I remember Mr. Godfrey well, but my fondest memory of him, if it is correct, was his tear-choked description of Franklin Roosevelt's funeral. Am I wrong? Didn't Godfrey narrate the events surrounding that funeral, and was he not overwhelmed by emotions on the day?

W. H. WATSON
Mississauga, Ontario, Canada

Your memory is correct. Godfrey's growing reputation was much enhanced when he broke down while describing FDR's funeral on the radio.—Ed.

ARTHUR GODFREY'S DEATH AT 79 WAS A great shock to me. I knew he had been suffering from emphysema for a long time, but he used to tell the story about when he was a young man in the Navy and met up with a fortuneteller in Istanbul. She told him he would live to the ripe old age of 92 and get shot by a jealous husband. Somehow I always believed that.

MARY LINDSEY
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Fair Youth

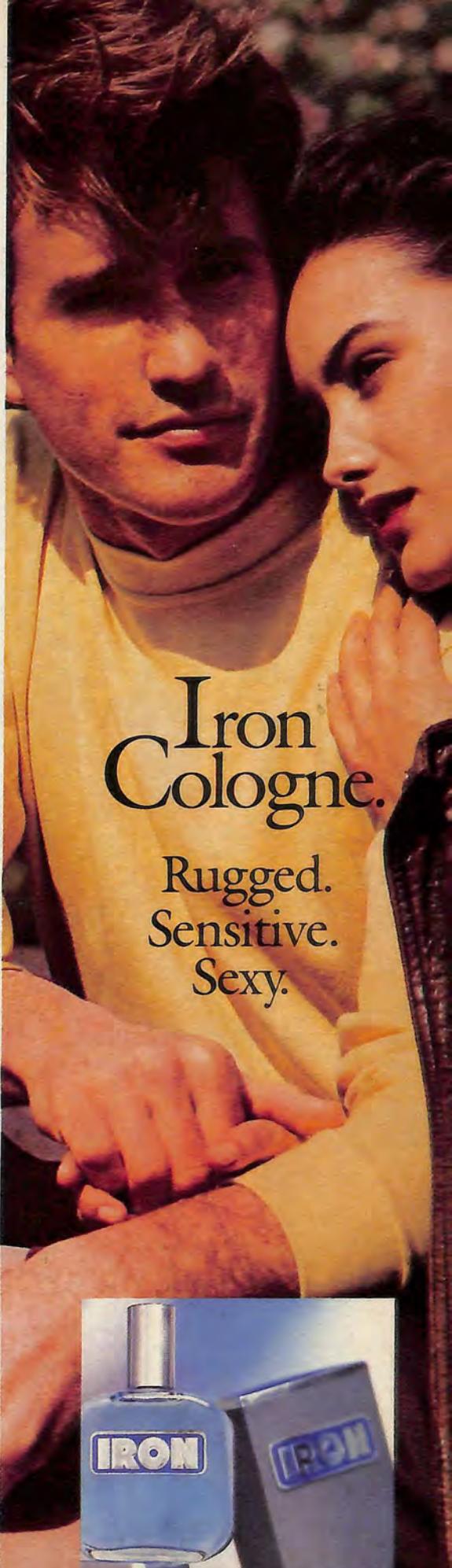
NEVER HAVE I READ A MAGAZINE FROM cover to cover. Until now. I am 27 years old, and although some of the stories are before my time, I consider MEMORIES a priceless time capsule which makes for most enjoyable reading—any time and anywhere. Thanks for adding to my reading pleasure. There is a younger audience out here that loves you!

ROBERT B. COLONNA
Springfield, N.J.

BECAUSE I WASN'T BORN UNTIL 1964, I FEEL I missed some of the best years in our history. How exciting it is to learn from your MEMORIES—now I don't have to feel quite so left out!

It's amazing, but I work with an even younger generation who are captivated by your stories; you've really hit a gold mine.

JODY LANE
Marshalltown, Iowa

An advertisement for Iron Cologne. The top half features a close-up photograph of a man and a woman. The man, on the left, has dark hair and is looking slightly down and to the right. The woman, on the right, has dark hair and is looking towards the man. Below the photo, the words "Iron Cologne." are written in a large, serif font. Underneath that, the words "Rugged. Sensitive. Sexy." are written in a smaller, sans-serif font. In the bottom right corner of the advertisement, there is a smaller inset image showing a blue bottle of Iron Cologne and its matching box.

YEARBOOK

JIM BAKKER
Muskegon High School, Muskegon, Mich. 1959
Activities: Camera Club; Campus Keyhole Editor; Masque; Director—Varieties. Ambition: "To do the best possible in everything I do."

TAMARA LA VALLEY (BAKKER)
International Falls High School, International Falls, Minn. 1960
Choir 10, 11, 12.
"Good things come in small packages."

WILLIAM BRIGHT
Coweta High School, Coweta, Okla. 1939
Business Manager, *Tiger Times*; FFA.

KENNETH COPELAND
Polytech High School, Fort Worth, Tex. 1955
Football Letterman, All-City Soloist, AY, Glee Club, Track, JRC.

RICHARD DEHAAN
Union High School, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1940
Latin Club 3, 4.

JERRY LAYMON FALWELL
Brookville High School, Lynchburg, Va. 1950
Valedictorian; Captain of Football Team; Student Council; Bee Line Editor-in-Chief. Favorite memory: "Riding in Mr. Wright's car." "His head is full of just what it takes, Jerry should get all the breaks."

WILLIAM (BILLY) GRAHAM
Sharon High School, Charlotte, N.C. 1936
Baseball, first baseman. Ambition: to become a preacher.

DOYLE "BUDDY" HARRISON
Galena Park High School, Galena Park, Tex. 1957

"Live to love, love to live."
Baseball, Football, Basketball, FHA.

REX HUMBARD
Hot Springs High School, Hot Springs, Ark. 1939
"An air of quiet, unaffected assurance."
Band 3; Track 1, 2, 3; Casa Nova Orchestra 3; Field and Stream Club 1; Band Corporal and Librarian 2.

KENNETH C. (FREDERICK) PRICE
Dorsey High School, Los Angeles, Calif. 1951

ORAL ROBERTS
Atoka High School, Atoka, Okla. 1935
Class President; Hon. or Student; Editor of School Paper; Cheerleader for Football Team; Basketball Squad; Reporter for Ada Evening News.

RICHARD ROBERTS
Memorial High School, Tulsa, Okla. 1966
A Cappella Choir, bass; Captain Georg von Trapp in *The Sound of Music*; Royal Court of Camelot singer; Scholarship, University of Kansas. Wills his Christian morals to his father.

MARION GORDON (PAT) ROBERTSON
The McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn. 1946
Enrolled Sept. 1944; Private, Company A, '44-'45; Corporal, Company C, '45; Sergeant, Company C, '45; Varsity Football, '45; Varsity Boxing, '44-'46; Varsity Track, '45; Y.M.C.A., '45-'46; Glee Club, '44-'46; Perfect, '45-'46; Virginia Club, '44-'46.

JAMES ROBISON
Pasadena High School, Pasadena, Tex. 1961
Latin Club 1; Football 2, 3.



WILLIAM (BILLY) GRAHAM



GEORGE VANDEMAN



REX HUMBARD



JERRY LAYMON FALWELL



KENNETH C. (FREDERICK) PRICE



HAROLD ROBERT SCHULLER



KENNETH COPELAND



TAMARA LA VALLEY (BAKKER)



JIM BAKKER



DOYLE "BUDDY" HARRISON



MARION GORDON (PAT) ROBERTSON

GEORGE VANDEMAN
Lake Ariel Academy, Lake Ariel, Pa. 1933
Class President.



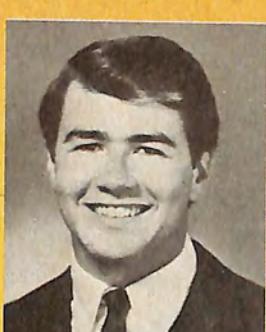
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ORAL ROBERTS



JAMES ROBISON



RICHARD ROBERTS



RICHARD DEHAAN

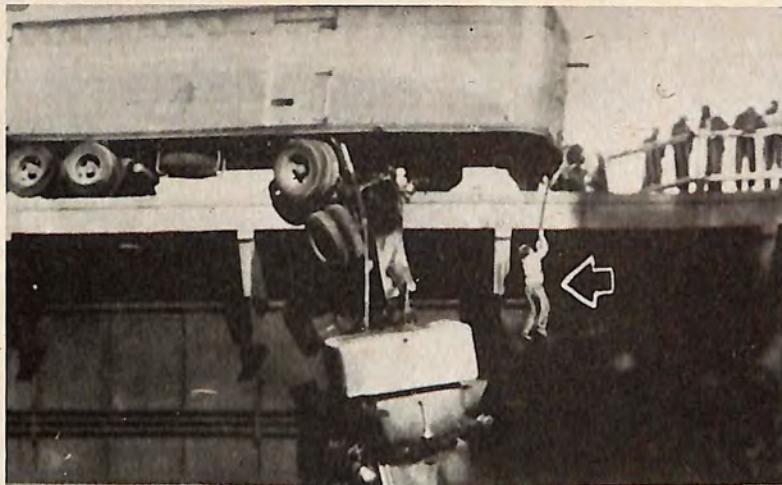
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Hanging Tough

By Maureen McFadden

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

TRUCKER BUD OVERBEY AND HIS PARTNER, HANK BAUM, WERE hauling fresh produce from the fields of Southern California to the Portland, Ore., markets that Sunday morning in May 1953. It was a route they had driven dozens of times before. Overbey was in the driver's seat, and Baum, undressed to his skivvies, was ready to climb into the sleeper for a nap. Instead of sweet dreams, the two were about to experience a living nightmare.

The rig had to cross the Pit River Bridge. "Just as I got on the roadway of the bridge," remembers Overbey, now 81 and retired, "the steering ball broke off. I could spin the wheel either way and it didn't make a particle of difference."

Overbey hit the brakes, but before the trailer wedged itself against what was left of the guard rail, the cab plunged over the side and started swaying in the breeze. Inside it, the terrified truckers stared at the river 40 feet below.

Luckily, in the car behind them were two quick-thinking vacationers, Walter and Virginia Schau. While Walter ran to get a rope from his trunk, his wife grabbed her Brownie camera, scrambled down the rocks and shot the series of dramatic photos that would win her a Pulitzer Prize.

Schau hoisted Overbey up first. "It was just a tent rope, not all that big," the latter recalls, "but it looked just as big as a dollar to me." By the time Baum's turn came, Overbey could see the cab "smokin' somethin' scandalous." Only minutes after Baum was deposited safely on the bridge, the cab burst into flames, then crashed onto the rocks below.

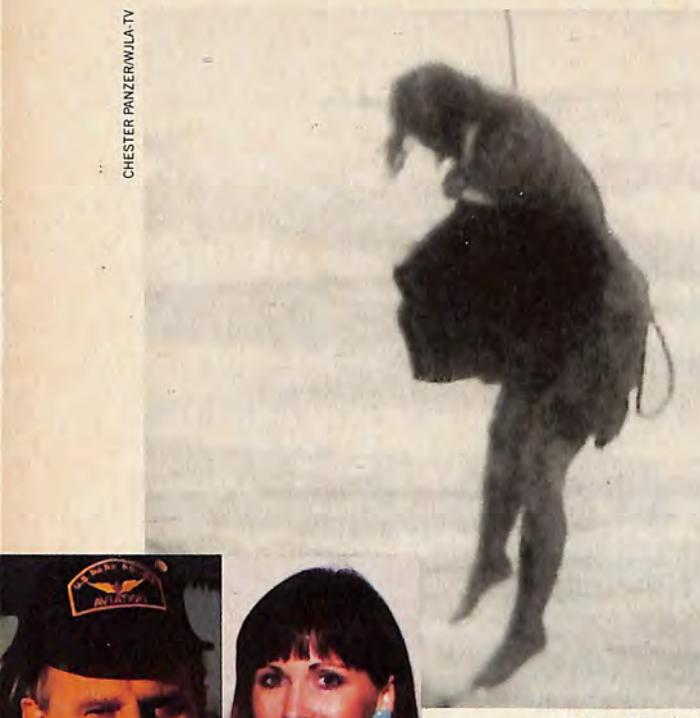
Baum died in 1983. Overbey still lives just a few miles from the Pit River Bridge. "I never did get over it," he says. "I used to enjoy trucking, but that kind of dampened my spirits." He still uses the bridge, he says, but "every time I do, I relive it all over again."



Bud Overbey

INDELIBLE IMAGES

CHESTER PANZER/WJLA-TV



**Gene
Windsor**



**Kelly Duncan
Moore**

FLIGHT 90

THE WASHINGTON, D.C., SNOWSTORM MANAGED TO RANKLE nearly everybody that unlucky Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1982. On his way to work, Gene Windsor, a U.S. Park Police rescue technician, was involved in a fender-bender. WJLA-TV cameraman Chet Panzer, assigned to cover National Airport delays, knew it would be hours before he reached home in Virginia. And Air Florida flight attendant Kelly Duncan was tired and eager to get back to Miami's sunshine.

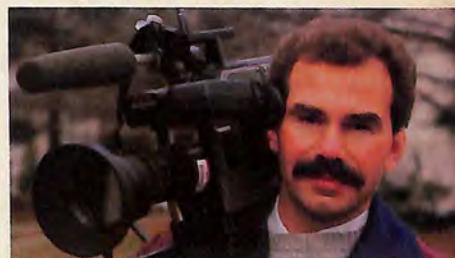
Finally, after several delays, Air Florida's Flight 90 taxied down the runway. Instead of gaining altitude, the plane began to vibrate. Within moments, Duncan, who had been strapped in the tail-section jump seat, found herself bobbing in the icy Potomac, injured and in shock. "The shore didn't look that far away," she recalls. "I thought I'd just hold on to a piece of the plane for a while, and then I would swim for it." But when she found she couldn't move, she panicked.

Meanwhile, on-shore onlookers were scurrying about, trying to figure out how to rescue the handful of survivors. "It hit me right in the chest," says cameraman Panzer, who had begun filming the mayhem. "My lens was so powerful, I could see them in close-up. I thought, I have to put this camera down and do something, but I had no idea what to do."

After 20 minutes in the water, Duncan was ready to give up. "I thought, I'm going to die here. Then I prayed." Suddenly, Duncan remembers, a helicopter appeared. Inside was Windsor, who leaned out to lasso her. "I raised my arms," says Duncan, "and let the rope drop around me and held on." She was one of only five people on board to survive the crash.

Today, married and the mother of two sons, Duncan stays in touch with rescuer Windsor. Panzer is now a cameraman for Washington's WRC-TV.

RAY EAST



Chet Panzer

KISS OF LIFE

AFTER FINISHING AN ASSIGNMENT ONE HOT JULY MORNING IN 1967, *Jacksonville Journal* photographer Rocco Morabito was driving around, looking for a few shots to finish a roll of film. A crew of linemen working high up on utility poles caught his eye. "As I got out of the car I heard yelling," Morabito remembers. As the photographer watched, a lineman leaped down from a pole, ran a block and a half and climbed another pole, where fellow lineman R. G. Champion was dangling by his safety belt. Champion had touched a 4,000-volt electric line and was burned and unconscious. "He was blue when I got there," remembers J. D. Thompson. "But we had had this safety course, and it taught us what to do."

While Thompson gave mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, Morabito called the city desk for an ambulance, then shot the Pulitzer Prize-winning photo that appeared in his paper the following day. Morabito retired in 1982, but his photograph is still used as a visual aid in emergency courses around the world.

Both Thompson and Champion still work at the Jacksonville Electric Authority. Champion, who last year underwent open-heart surgery, is back on the job as a "trouble man" who works in the field; Thompson is his supervisor. ■

FRANK A. SMITH



Rocco Morabito

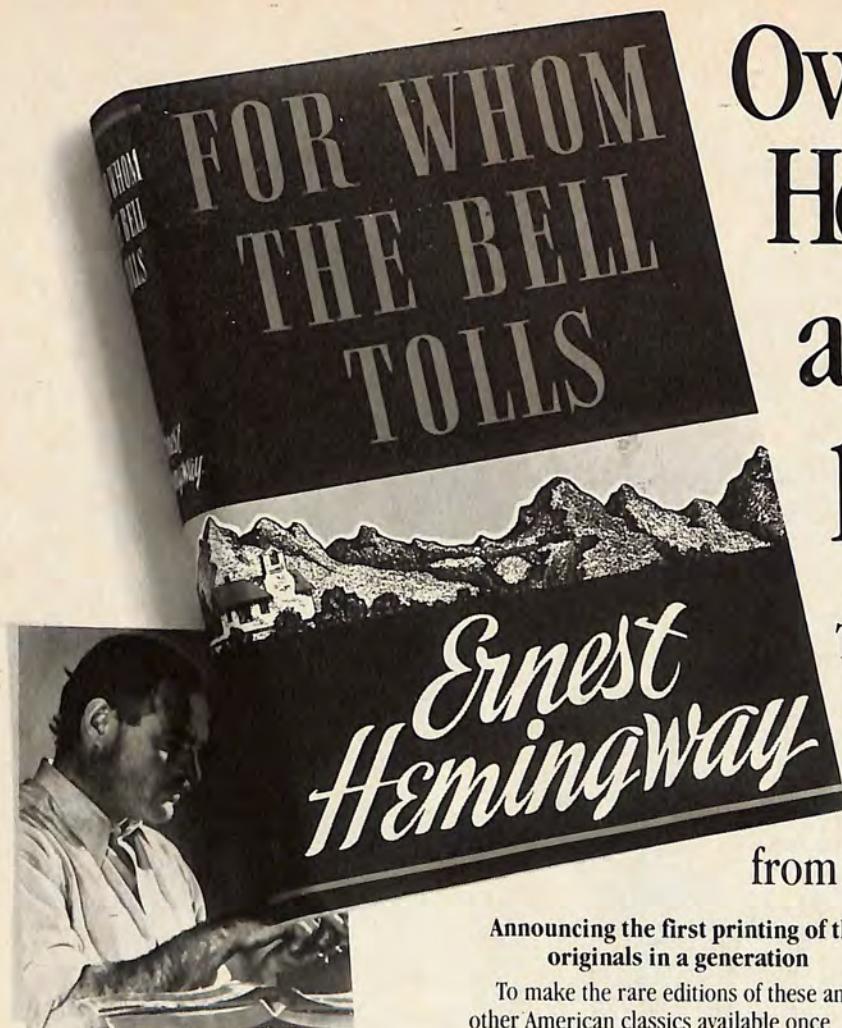


JUDI GERARD



**J.D. Thompson,
R.G. Champion**

ROCCO MORABITO



For Whom the Bell Tolls, Nobel Prize-winner Ernest Hemingway's powerful novel about courage, love, brotherhood and war, grew out of his experiences at the battle-fronts and his deep respect for men and women brave enough to show grace under pressure.

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Ragman's Son

By *Luke Langda*

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS



THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS (1946) with Barbara Stanwyck. This was my first movie. I played a weak alcoholic.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



A Letter to Three Wives

CULVER PICTURES



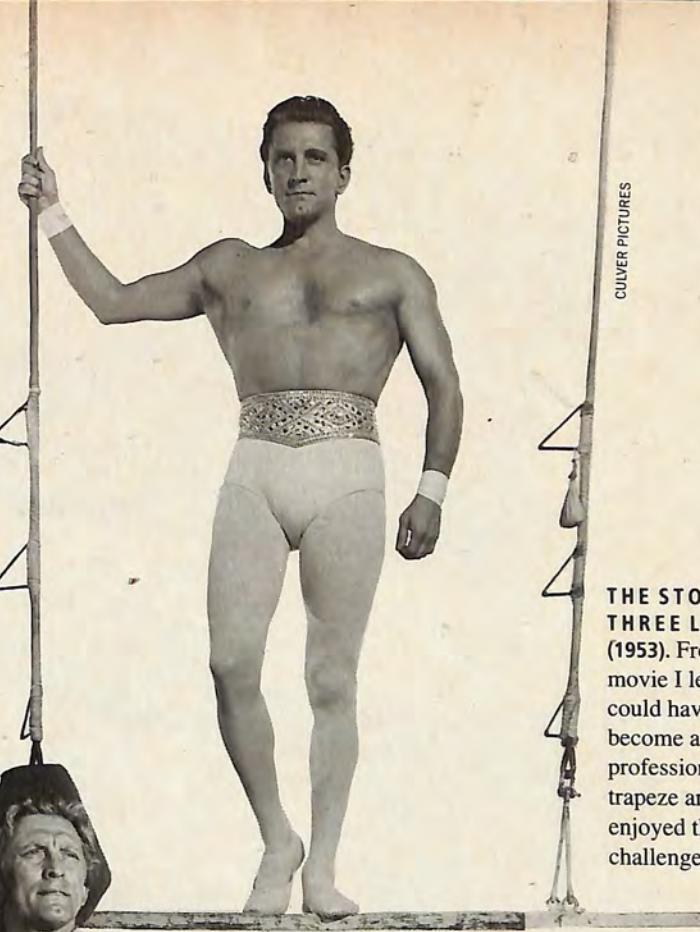
A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (1948) with Linda Darnell and Paul Douglas. I played an intellectual schoolteacher. Nobody thought of me as a tough guy until CHAMPION (1949) with John Day. After that, it was hard to get a job playing a weak character.

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN (1950) with Doris Day. I loved working with my dear friends Lauren Bacall and Doris. Harry James taught me to play a few songs on the trumpet so I'd look authentic.

CULVER PICTURES

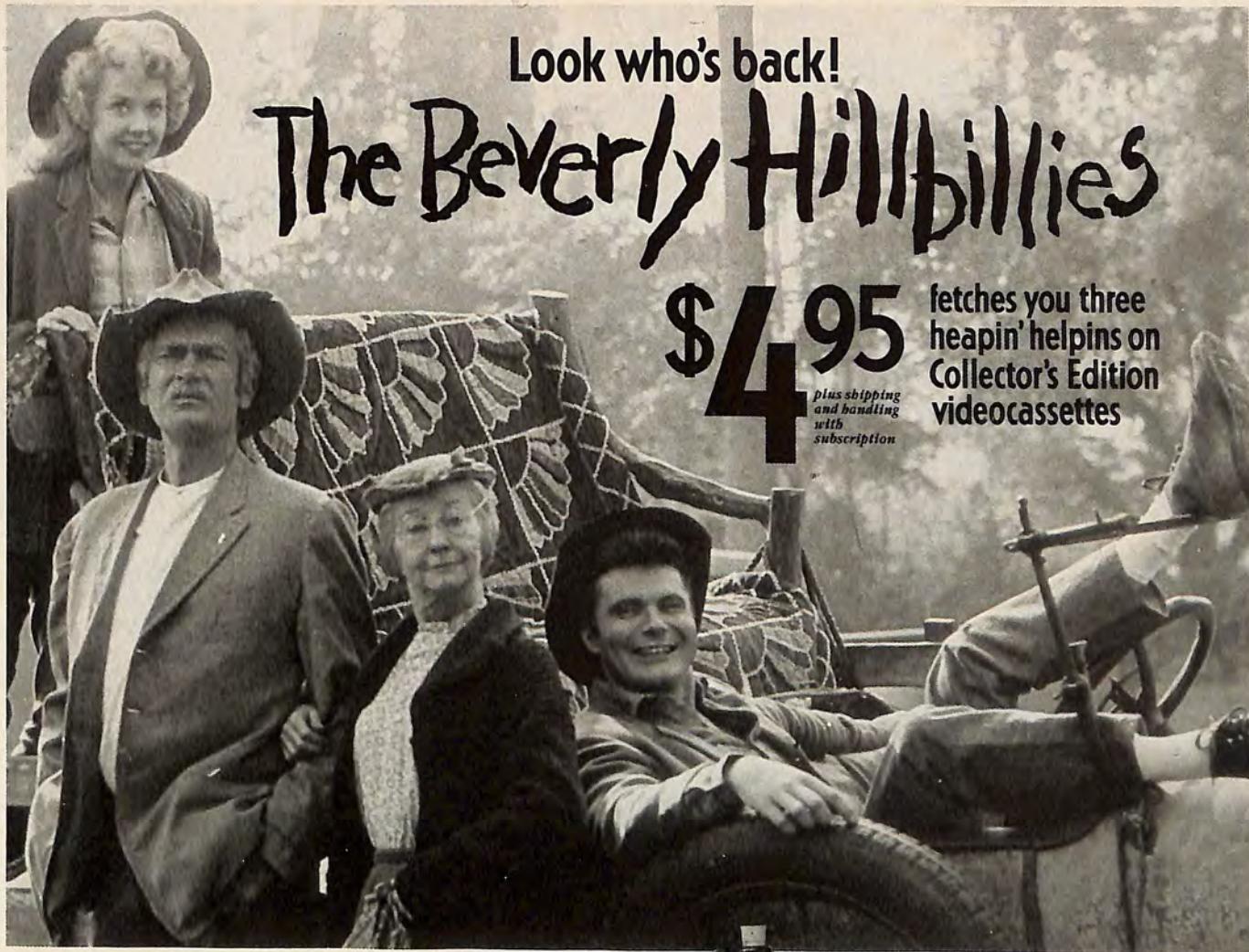


THE STORY OF THREE LOVES (1953). From this movie I learned I could have become a professional trapeze artist. I enjoyed the challenge.

THE BIG SKY (1952). Here I had a chance to work with the great director Howard Hawks. Jackson Hole, Wyo., was a beautiful location. My son Michael came to live with me there during the shoot.



THE INDIAN FIGHTER (1955). The first movie produced by my own company, Bryna Productions. I always loved doing my own stunts. Here I'm about to fall off my horse.



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The Beverly Hillbillies

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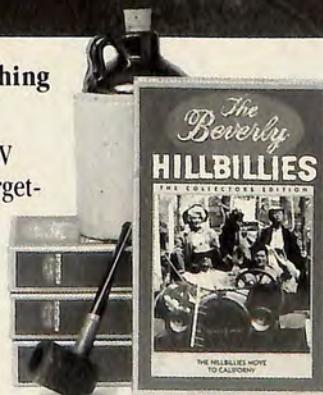
Subsequent three-episode Collector's Edition cassettes will arrive one every four to six weeks. Each specially-packaged volume is yours to enjoy risk-free for 10 days. Yours to keep for \$29.95 plus shipping and handling. There is never a minimum to buy and you may cancel at any time.

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- Charge my Beverly Hillbillies purchases beginning with my first cassette to: American Express Visa MA2
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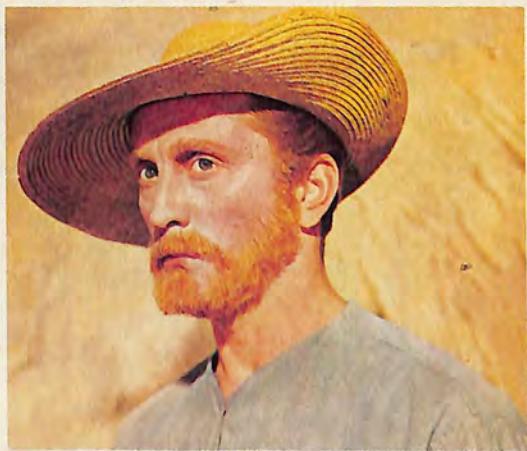
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FILM FESTIVAL



20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (1954). Walt Disney's first movie using real people. Some say I'm not liked in Hollywood, but this seal adored me.

CULVER PICTURES



LUST FOR LIFE (1956). The most difficult movie of my career. It haunted me for months after I finished shooting. Even my resemblance to Van Gogh frightened me.

PHOTOFEST



PATHS OF GLORY (1957). My company fought to make this picture, which was banned in many countries for a long time. I'm proud of it. It's a great antiwar film.



TOUGH GUYS (1986) with Burt Lancaster. My most recent film with Burt. This was a parody of the two characters we've so often played in films.



I was flabbergasted by the acceptance of my autobiography in so many countries. I didn't write the book, I talked it. Poured out things I felt in my gut. It helped me take inventory of myself. A complete catharsis.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

LONELY ARE THE BRAVE (1962) with Gena Rowlands. Of the 80 films I've made, this is my favorite.

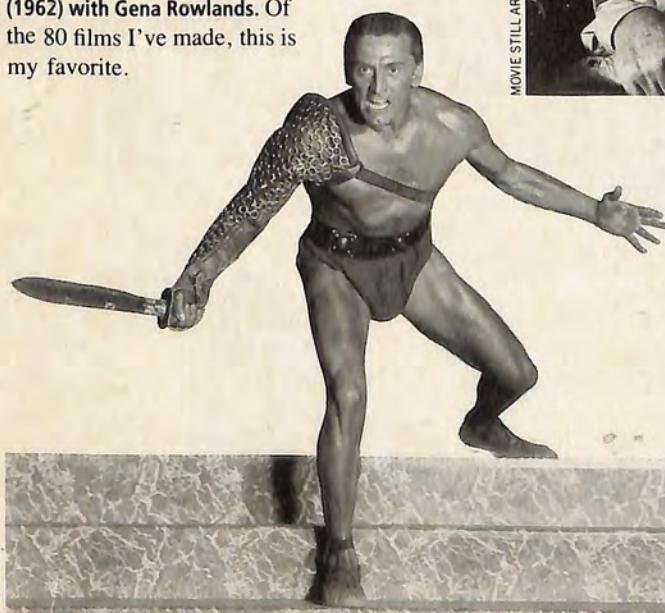
MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



IN HARM'S WAY (1965) with John Wayne. Not a great movie, but one of four I made with Wayne. I have some wonderful memories of working with this amazing fellow.

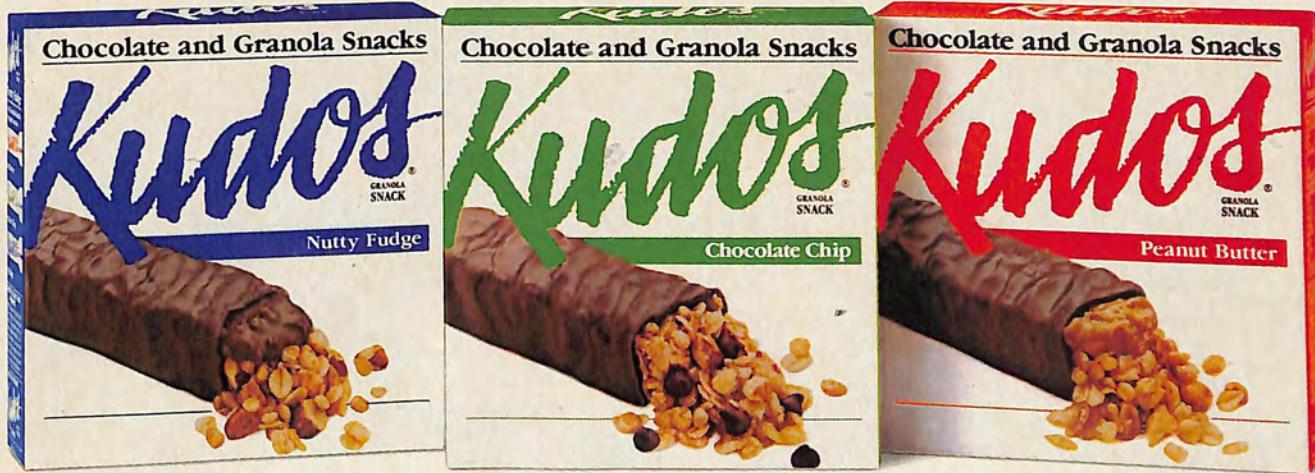
PHOTOFEST

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



SPARTACUS (1960). What a cast! It was a delight to be working with Olivier, Laughton, Ustinov and Jean Simmons. Such great memories.

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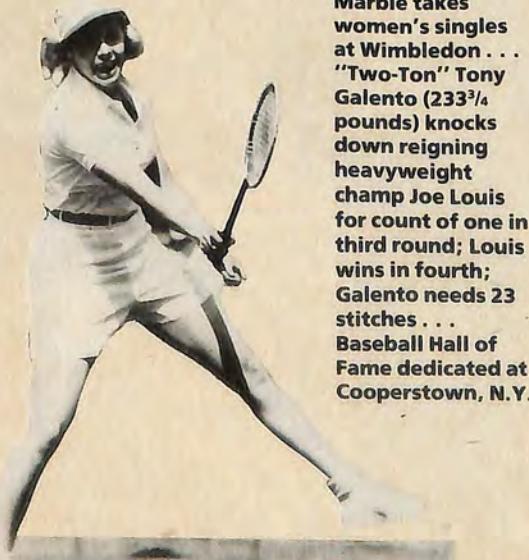
UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

FDR: Opposes arms embargo



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

NOTED Kentucky flash floods kill 100 . . . Douglas DC-4 makes first Chicago-New York commercial flight . . . Pan Am begins regular air service to Europe . . . Supreme Court voids Jersey City Mayor Frank Hague's ban of C.I.O.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

FAME Alice Marble takes women's singles at Wimbledon . . . "Two-Ton" Tony Galento (233 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds) knocks down reigning heavyweight champ Joe Louis for count of one in third round; Louis wins in fourth; Galento needs 23 stitches . . . Baseball Hall of Fame dedicated at Cooperstown, N.Y.

50 years ago

JUNE AND JULY
■ 1939 ■



COURTESY OF POCKET BOOKS

BARGAIN Pocket Books introduces 25-cent paperbacks . . . Samuel Kress donates \$25 million art collection to National Gallery . . . Ford Madox Ford, British author, dies.



PHOTOFEST

NOW SHOWING Juarez with Bette Davis and Brian Aherne . . . On Borrowed Time with Lionel Barrymore . . . The Man in the Iron Mask with Louis Hayward . . . The Young Mr. Lincoln with Henry Fonda . . . Union Pacific with Joel McCrea . . . Beau Geste with Ray Milland, Gary Cooper, Robert Preston . . . Daughters Courageous with John Garfield.

NUMBERS Cuba turns away liner St. Louis with 907 German Jewish refugees aboard . . . Nazis arrest 1,000 Czechs for the killing of a German policeman . . . President Cárdenas of Mexico offers 50 acres of land to each peasant . . . Moscow considers "repeal" of Mendel's genetic law because of conflict with Marxism.



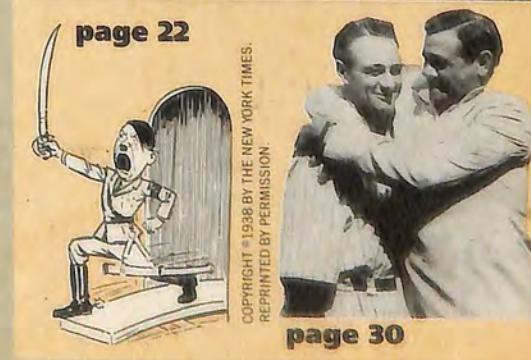
AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



BLACK STAR

VEGETARIAN George Bernard Shaw, at 82, says: "When I am dead my funeral will be followed by herds of oxen, sheep, swine, flocks of poultry in honour of the man who perished rather than eat his fellow creatures."

READ ALL ABOUT IT ▶



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page 20

**50 YEARS AGO:
ADOLPH HITLER PREPARES TO INVADE POLAND**

How did Americans view the German dictator on the eve of World War II? The answers may surprise.

What We Thought of Hitler

By Ted Morgan



ought



Feb. 16, 1939: Hitler reviews his troops in Berlin. A week later in New York, 22,000 American Nazis rallied at Madison Square Garden under a huge poster of George Washington to recite the Pledge of Allegiance and denounce American Jews.



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The Growing Shadow

On June 5, 1939, Prince Paul, the Regent of Yugoslavia, and his wife, Princess Olga, visited Berlin as guests of German dictator Adolph Hitler. During a performance of the opera *Die Meistersinger*, Princess Olga noticed that Hitler shut his eyes as though enchanted. Later, when the conversation turned to children, she saw "tears come to his eyes . . . clear, blue and honest-looking." He confided to her that he had the personality of "an artist and architect, but fate has also decreed that I should be a politician, a military man and the builder of a new Germany." Princess Olga was quite taken with the Führer.

Three days later, Their Britannic Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, were picnicking in Hyde Park, N.Y., with President Franklin D. Roosevelt. FDR called the King "Georgie" and asked to be called "Frank." They talked until 1:30 in the morning, agreeing that Hitler was a gangster who undoubtedly wanted war.

For the President, the public turning point had been Crystal Night—Nov. 9, 1938—the night on which a murderous wave of anti-Jewish destruction and rioting swept through Berlin, leaving 36 people dead. "I myself could scarcely believe that such things could occur in a 20th-century civilization," the President commented. He promptly recalled the American ambassador from Berlin, which led the Germans to bring their man

home from Washington.

Crystal Night shocked many Americans. Before he left Washington, the German ambassador reported to his government that "the respectable patriotic circles, which are thoroughly anti-Communist and, for the greater part, anti-Semitic in their outlook, also begin to turn away from us That men like Dewey, Hoover, Hearst and many others who have hitherto maintained a cooperative reserve and have even, to some extent, expressed sympathy toward Germany are now publicly adopting so violent and bitter an attitude against her is a serious matter."

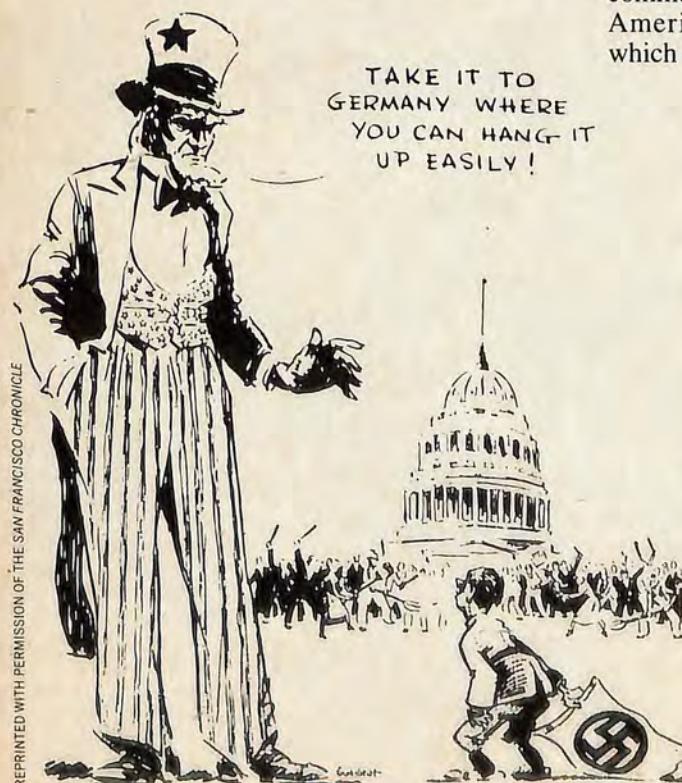
But in spite of growing concern about Hitler and his policies, the prevailing American sentiment was that if war came to Europe, the United States should stay out of it. World War I, Americans fervently believed, was a grotesque blunder not to be repeated. And while on the whole they preferred France and Britain to Germany, with 10 million Americans unemployed and five million on relief, unpaid British and French war debts still rankled.

Even columnist Walter Lippman, soon to become a voice for intervention, wrote to his friend John Maynard Keynes, the British economist, early in 1939 that "we should avoid getting into a situation where intervention in the European war is even to be considered." (To which Keynes replied, "The idea that there is some sort of moral beauty about neutrality I find extremely distasteful.") The



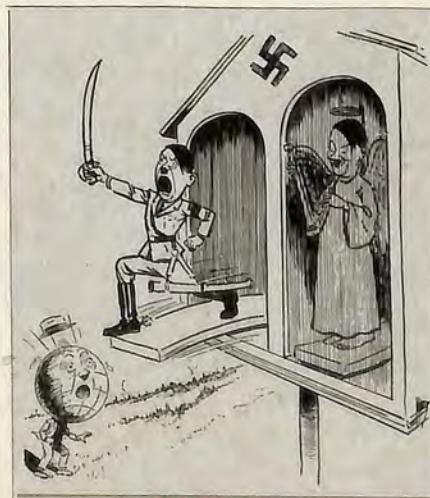
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The "Paper-Hanger" Returns



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The Right Place to Go!



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The Barometer



The Nations Shall Tremble

business community agreed with Lippman's early view. *Business Week* repeatedly urged the Roosevelt Administration to avoid European entanglements. *Barron's* warned that British promises to defend Poland might be "ploughing the ground for Communism." And Morgan Bank partner Thomas W. Lamont wrote to a friend: "I believe that if we get in the war, we should find ourselves before we got out of it so regimented that we should never again have the same America. I am more afraid of Hitlerizing America than I am of Hitler himself."

Time magazine, which defines its Man of the Year as the individual who had the most impact on the year's news, for good or ill, chose Hitler. The Jan. 2, 1939, cover depicted a tiny Hitler at a huge organ, playing his hymn of hate in a desecrated cathedral while the Nazi hierarchy looked on. Behind the organ, corpses dangled on hooks. "The figure of Hitler strode over a cringing Europe with all the swagger of a conqueror," said *Time*. "Hitler became in 1938 the greatest threatening force that the democratic, freedom-loving world faces today."

This hardening assessment was evident in official quarters as well. When a German diplomat went to the State Department in early 1939 to protest Interior Secretary Harold Ickes's refusal to allow the sale of helium to Germany for its dirigibles, Under Secretary Sumner Welles lectured him on his country's misdeeds. Key Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, put it plainly, saying, "The people of the United States do not like the government of Germany."

Still, the different strands of isolationism—war wariness, anti-British or anti-Europe prejudices, the view of America as a noble and impregnable fortress—constituted a powerful lobby. And riding this isolationist wave were an odd assortment of anti-Semitic and pro-Hitler groups. FDR, who worried that the heartland isolationists were being manipulated by the pro-Nazis, warned that some American citizens "are doing exactly the kind of work that the dictators want done in the United States."

Some of the isolationists were alarmingly naïve. Senator William Borah, the Idaho Republican, thought of world affairs as an extension of statehouse politics. He admired Hitler for reducing German unemployment and resolved to visit him. "There are so many great sides to him," Borah said, "I believe that I might

accomplish something . . . There's always the possibility I might get Hitler to relax a bit." Hitler invited Borah to Germany. But in early 1939, when FDR said, "Our frontier is on the Rhine," Borah interpreted it as a personal warning not to go. (After the war broke out in Europe in September 1939, Borah's reaction was, "Lord, if only I could have talked with Hitler, all this might have been avoided.")

Borah and others tried to explain Hitler's belligerence by citing the raw deal they felt Germany had gotten from the Treaty of Versailles. Others had less admissible reasons. A parochial anti-Semitism was in evidence when Senator Hiram Johnson of California wrote to his son that people were divided on the issue of selling planes to France, with "all the Jews on one side, wildly enthusiastic for the President, and willing to fight to the last American . . . and those of us—a very considerable number—who are thinking in terms of our own country, and that alone."

North Dakota Senator Gerald P. Nye, in testimony before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, accused Hollywood of purveying interventionist propaganda in movies like *The Great Dictator* (1940). "Are you ready to send your boys to bleed and die in Europe," he asked American parents, "to make the world safe for [Jewish movie producers] Barney Balaban and Adolph Zukor and Joseph Schenck?"

For years Montana Senator Burton K. Wheeler had been telling friends in Washington that Nazi domination of Europe was inevitable. He was praised in the German press for saying: "It is typical for England to ask for American soldiers, besides having asked for American money. The English always let others fight for them." He even allowed the Steuben Society and other pro-Nazi groups to use his Congressional franking privilege to mail their leaflets.

In March 1939, Cissy Patterson, the isolationist owner of the *Washington Times-Herald*, which carried Walter Winchell's Hitler-bashing column, took the writer aside at a party. "Why the hell don't you quit looking under the bed for Nazis?" she asked him.

"You mean," Winchell replied, "and finding them?"

"I mean," Patterson said, "that your column, which is read only by servants down here, is becoming a bore, the way you keep after Nazis!"

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (3)



William Borah (left, with Key Pittman) wanted to visit Hitler. "I might get him to relax a bit," he said.



Senator Hiram Johnson wrote his son that "all the Jews" sided with FDR on the issue of selling planes to France.



For years, Senator Burton Wheeler (left) had told friends that Nazi domination of Europe was inevitable.

"Mrs. Patterson, why don't you get yourself another boy?" Winchell responded, then took his column to the rival *Washington Post*.

At the other end of the political spectrum from Winchell was the Catholic clergyman Charles E. Coughlin, whose relatively innocuous populist views had gradually turned to openly pro-Hitler paeans and anti-Semitic diatribes. Coughlin, a parish priest in a Detroit suburb, started broadcasting his Sunday sermons in 1926 and built up a following that peaked at 40 million in the mid-30's. It was said that you could walk down the street in any small town at 3 P.M. on a summer Sunday and never miss a word. "Had we Christians," Coughlin said in 1939, "enforced the discipline and matched the accomplishments of the Nazis for a good end, we would not be weeping at the Wailing Wall." (He continued in the same vein even after Pearl Harbor. It was not until 1942 that he was muzzled by Detroit Archbishop Mooney and his weekly, *Social Justice*, was banned from the mails.)

A number of openly fascistic and pro-Hitler groups flourished at the time—the Silver Shirts, the National Gentile League, the Christian Mobilizers. The last was founded by Joseph E. McWilliams, who referred to Roosevelt as "Rosenfeld, the Jew king." Then there was



The Rev. Charles Coughlin: You could walk down the street and not miss a word of his pro-Hitler broadcasts.

the German-American Bund, an organization complete with its own Führer, the jowly buffoon Fritz Kuhn.

The Bund's high point came on Feb. 20, 1939, with a rally at Madison Square Garden that drew 22,000 people. Standing in front of a 30-foot-high, full-length portrait of George Washington flanked by black swastikas, a jackbooted and uniformed Kuhn extolled Hitler and denounced Jews as social parasites and war profiteers. When drums rolled, 1,200 members of the so-called Nazi Legion, wearing brown shirts and swastika armbands, marched up and down, arms raised in the Nazi salute.

Kuhn got a lot of attention, including that of the racket-busting New York City District Attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, who discovered that Kuhn had misappropriated receipts from the February rally. That fall he was tried, convicted and sentenced to 2½ to 5 years in Sing Sing, where he served the full term.

Even after Hitler invaded Poland in September 1939, the Ambassador to France, William Bullitt, worried in a letter to FDR that "it will probably be impossible for you to convince the people of the United States that they are menaced by Hitler." In fact, some Americans still sounded as if they *approved* of him. "I don't know Hitler personally," said Henry Ford, "but at least Germany keeps its people at work."

In general, however, public sentiment did shift sharply after the invasion of Poland. A Gallup Poll taken after France and Britain declared war on Germany found that 62 percent of Americans thought the U.S. should do everything short of going to war to help our two longtime allies. Hans Thomsen, the German chargé d'affaires in Washington, reported home that "the moral and political ground on which we operate here has been so greatly narrowed that only a tightrope walker could keep his balance."

Isolationism was now on a downward spiral, and Hitler was rising to the upper reaches of villainy. In October 1939, the Loyal Order of Moose struck the title "dictator" from its tables of organization, replacing it with "governor." A month after that, FDR signed into law a bill permitting, for the first time, the Allied Forces to buy American war supplies, as long as they weren't sent on American ships—a restriction FDR got around by selling freighters to friendly nations.

That same November, "Hitler" was established as a term of abuse. Mrs. Ray Brodsky of Coney Island was brought before a judge on charges of littering. When the judge learned that she had called the park policeman who arrested her "a Hitler," he warned her that she could also be charged with defamation of character.



Fritz Kuhn, here celebrating German Day in Yaphank, N.Y., in 1937, was president of the German-American Bund. He attracted attention, including that of New York City District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who indicted him for misappropriating Bund funds.

TED MORGAN is working on a book about Lyons, France, during the German occupation. He is the author of *FDR: A Biography and Literary Outlaw*.



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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

50 YEARS AGO: FANS PAY TRIBUTE TO LOU GEHRIG

It was the Fourth of July, 1939, but the mood in Yankee Stadium was not one of celebration. The emotions that day—Lou Gehrig Appreciation Day—were of a different kind. My notes read: “They stopped just short of a good mass cry.”

Between games of a Yankee double-header with the Washington Senators, Lou Gehrig made his final appearance in a Yankee uniform, two months after playing in his last game. From my position in the press box, where I represented the *Washington Post*, I watched strong men weep; there were even tears among some of the hard-boiled news photographers. A stooped and shrunken Iron Horse—for years the personification of strength and stamina—tucked his Yankee cap under his arm and stared at the ground near home plate. He seemed overwhelmed by the outpouring of affection, laced with what he wanted least—sympathy. Halfway through the tribute, tears streamed down Gehrig’s face, past the most famous pair of dimples in baseball.

Ed Barrow, president of the Yankees, had told sportswriters, “Boys, I have some bad news for you. They have diagnosed Lou Gehrig’s trouble.” At first it was thought to be polio; it later turned out to be a no less debilitating malady called amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, an ultimately fatal illness that causes the victim’s muscles to atrophy. Though the fans had no idea at the time, Lou Gehrig would die within two years.

Now, at the ceremony near home plate, Barrow draped an arm around Gehrig’s shoulders. It was more than a comforting gesture; Barrow was literally holding Gehrig up. Some of the best-known members of the Yankees’ legendary 1927 team—Babe Ruth, Bob Meusel, Waite Hoyt, Herb Pennock, George Pipgras and Joe Dugan—stood in a circle nearby. Gehrig, too, had played on that World Series-winning team, which many

Hit after hit, season after season, it seemed he’d play forever. But his phenomenal strength was stolen by the disease that now bears his name.



The Iron

There wasn't a dry eye in the house when Gehrig told the crowd in Yankee Stadium he was the luckiest man on the face of the earth. The next day's *New York Daily News* headline said it all: "Yanks Split, Lou Weeps While 61,808 Fans Cheer."



Horse

By Shirley Povich

consider the Yankees' greatest.

In fact, Gehrig had played in 2,130 consecutive major league games, a record no other player has come close to matching, over a span of 15 Yankee seasons. Fans everywhere had wondered when the streak would end; no one had predicted its heart-rending finish.

Gehrig leaned on Barrow as he silently acknowledged the gifts from Yankee teammates, the ground crew and hot dog vendors, fans from across the country, even from rival New York Giants. He smiled and shook hands, but he wasn't up to words. "Lou," said Yankee manager Joe McCarthy, "it was a sad day in the life of everybody who knew you when you told me you were quitting because you felt you were a hindrance to the team. My God, man, you were never that." McCarthy, who had governed the highest-paid prima donnas in baseball and baited hundreds of umpires, broke down. Sobbing, he embraced Gehrig.

All 61,808 fans, or so it seemed, were chanting at regular intervals, "We want Lou!" But clearly, Gehrig was still too choked up to talk. Sensing this, master of ceremonies Sid Mercer announced, "I shall not ask Lou Gehrig to make a speech. I do not believe that I should."

Then, as the ground crew began to haul away the microphones—the cere-

monies seemingly over—Gehrig suddenly turned, held up his hand for attention, gulped, tried for a smile and at last stepped up to a remaining microphone. It was to be a speech long remembered in baseball history.

"For weeks," Gehrig began, "I have been reading in the newspapers that I am a fellow who got a tough break. I don't believe it. Today I consider myself the luckiest man alive. For 16 years, in every ball park into which I ever walked, I received kindness and encouragement. Mine has been a full life."

Fidgeting with his cap and choking back tears, Gehrig continued his litany of thanks. He didn't forget anyone as he expressed his gratitude to those who worked in the ball park; his first manager, Miller Huggins; his Yankee teammates, and the team owner, Col. Jacob Ruppert. He gave special thanks to Bill Dickey, who had been his roommate on the road, his German immigrant parents and his wife, Eleanor. "I have lots to live for," Gehrig said.

And thousands cheered.

The first man to cross the turf to embrace Gehrig after his speech was Babe Ruth. His gesture contradicted the long-standing suggestion of coolness between the Yankee home run rivals, rumors that those of us who covered the game knew



©
F.M.

Walter Pipp
1912 B. N.Y. Americans

Gehrig got his chance the day Wally Pipp had a headache. Pipp later said he "took the two most expensive aspirin in history."

NATIONAL BASEBALL LIBRARY, COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.

were untrue. Gehrig was a big, friendly fellow, as solid as the Babe was flamboyant. Content in his secondary role, Gehrig had never challenged Ruth's throne. Typical of Gehrig's deference to Ruth was his custom of inconspicuously parking his car three blocks from the stadium on game days and entering through a side gate. The Babe would bring his convertible to a screeching stop at the main gate and make a trademark gusty entrance for the assembled fans.

Gehrig's endurance streak may have been the greatest record he posted for the Yankees, but it was not the only one. Not many players could claim a lifetime batting average better than his .340. To this day, no one has equaled his 23 grand slams. He was the first hitter in this century to swat four home runs in a single game. At the time of Gehrig's retirement, only the Babe had led the league more times in runs batted in; only the Babe had hit more World Series home runs. Gehrig led New York to eight pennants and seven world championships. He was indeed *The Pride of the Yankees*—the name of the 1942 movie about his life. Who played the role of the steadfast giant of the diamond? Gary Cooper, of course.

Gehrig had begun his superlative baseball career on an uncharacteristic false note. In 1921, while still a student at Columbia University (on whose team he batted cleanup), he moonlighted for a New York Giants Class A team in Hart-



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

They were both masterful sluggers, but the flamboyant Babe Ruth (left) usually upstaged his Yankee teammate, both on and off the field.

ford, Conn., under an assumed name. When the falsehood was discovered, he was forced to choose between college and baseball. He chose the latter, for a time it seemed unwisely. Two years later, the shortsighted Giants dropped him; he signed with the Yankees, was farmed out to Hartford again, and spent the next two years tearing up the minors before moving to the big leagues in 1925.

When, on June 2 of that year, the Yankees' longtime first baseman, Wally Pipp, complained of a headache, manager Huggins sent in the 25-year-old newcomer. After watching Gehrig for a few innings, the story goes, Pipp told Huggins he was feeling a lot better. But it was too late; Pipp had lost his job, to be enshrined in legend as the man, as he later put it, who "took the two most expensive aspirin in history."

For the next 14 years, Gehrig played in every Yankee game, mostly in Ruth's shadow. He hit a whopping 47 homers in 1927, the year Babe hit his record 60. Ruth sent long, majestic home runs soaring over the fences; Gehrig hit line drives that streaked into the seats. "The first time I faced Gehrig, with those sleeves rolled up and all those muscles showing," recalled Senator pitcher Walter Johnson, "he looked like a blacksmith with a bat in his hands."

In 1931, Gehrig actually matched Ruth's 47 home runs, but officials disqualified one of his homers after a runner, mistakenly thinking the ball had been caught on the fly, headed for the dugout. Unaware of his teammate's mistake, Gehrig rounded the bases and was called out for passing the other runner. His homer went into the books as a triple.

Even on that day in 1932 in Philadelphia when Gehrig hit four home runs, his feat was overshadowed by the news of the retirement, after 50 years, of Giant manager John McGraw.

And no sooner had Ruth retired, in 1935, than Gehrig's star was eclipsed by young Joe DiMaggio, who led the league that year with 46 homers.

The early warning signs that Gehrig was in decline appeared in 1938. For the first time in 13 years, his batting average fell below .300; his 29 homers were his fewest in 11 years. Early in the next season, Gehrig needed the assistance of the Yankee pitcher to complete what would normally be an unassisted putout at first base. In the same game, playing scarcely 15 feet off first, he scooped up a ground ball but could not generate enough speed

to beat the runner to the bag. "If I can't make that play without help, I'm not doing this team any good," Gehrig said afterwards. He'd also had trouble running to first from the batter's box, prompting one writer to call him a malingeringer who was no longer interested in the game. How that must have hurt.

Gehrig played in only eight games that season, hitting four singles, before deciding to call it a career. It was after an especially poor performance that Gehrig went to manager McCarthy in his Detroit hotel room, May 1, 1939, to say he felt he was a detriment to the team. The next day, for the first time in 15 seasons, Gehrig's name was missing from the lineup that he himself, as captain, took to the home plate umpire. When his turn to bat came in the first inning, the crowd began to chant, "We want Lou!" But baseball's greatest consecutive-game streak had come to an end.

After Gehrig's retirement from baseball, New York City Mayor Fiorello La Guardia appointed him to the New York Parole Board. Even as his health deteriorated, Gehrig continued to show up at work each day. Near the end, the once-massive, 220-pound power hitter had wasted to 150 pounds. Too weak to properly hold a pen, he signed documents with a feeble scratch.

Despite the progressive loss of muscle control, Gehrig tried to remain buoyant. "These are times when all of us have much to be thankful for," he and his wife wrote to friends at Christmas in 1940, "times when it is particularly good to feel the warm, strong grasp of a friend's hand and, so, this Christmas more than ever, we say Merry Christmas."

He died at age 37 on June 2, 1941, 16 years to the day after he replaced Pipp in the Yankee lineup. Even in death he yielded the spotlight; his obituary was dwarfed by that of Kaiser Wilhelm, the



FPG INTERNATIONAL



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Gehrig's wife, Eleanor (top), wanted him to end the consecutive-game streak as it approached 2,000, arguing that the pressure was too much. Still, Lou played on. Below: As a member of the New York Parole Board, Gehrig autographs a baseball for young admirers. All too soon, muscle deterioration would leave him unable to hold a pen.

former German emperor.

Gehrig received many posthumous honors. Baseball diamonds across the country were named after him; the Yankees retired his number—a baseball first—and erected a monument to him in Yankee Stadium; his face is featured on a commemorative stamp issued in June by the Postal Service. Also, he lent his name to the terrible affliction that took his life, one of the few diseases known by its most-celebrated victim. That is the saddest of testaments, in stark contrast to the vigor and talent of the greatest first baseman of all time. ■

SHIRLEY POVICH has been a sportswriter for the Washington Post for more than half a century.

How to succeed at dinner without really trying.



We have all been taught that success comes only with hard work and long hours. So it may be difficult at first to accept the notion that you can prepare successful dinners without sweating and slaving in the kitchen for hours. It seems too good to be true.

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spoon of sugar, and a dash of cinnamon. Serve the salad on a bed of lettuce or crackerbread, and dribble the mayonnaise mixture on top. That's all there is to it. It's that easy.

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The Casual Cuisine





TRUMAN: Warns of Red hysteria

PHOTOFEST



**BETTER OR
WORSE**

Mickey Rooney, 28, is married for third time, to actress Martha Vickers, 24 . . . Milton Berle, 40, remarries Joyce Matthews, 29, two years after their divorce; "obey" omitted from ceremony.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

40

years ago

JUNE AND JULY

■ 1949 ■



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

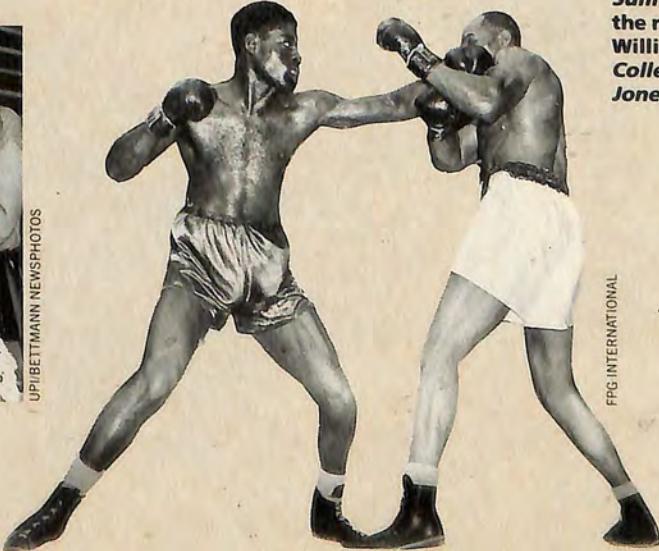
MOVING ALONG

Buick Roadmaster introduced . . . Enola Gay, Hiroshima A-bomb plane, presented to Smithsonian . . . Linus Pauling identifies blood flaw in sickle cell anemia.

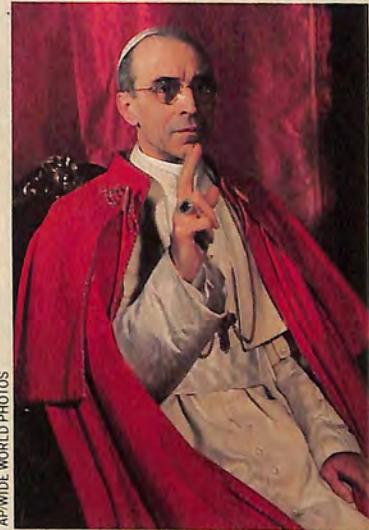
WORLD CHAMPS

Ezzard Charles wins heavyweight title in match with Joe Walcott after Joe Louis retires . . . Jake LaMotta KO's Marcel Cerdan to become middleweight champ . . . 16th annual All-Star Game to American League, 11-7.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



RETURNS Last U.S. combat troops called home from Korea, leaving 500 advisers . . . Author Thomas Mann returns to Germany after 16-year absence . . . Pope Pius XII threatens excommunication of Catholics sympathetic to Communism.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



PRIME TIME On the air: *Perry Como Show*, *Philco Television Playhouse*, *Voice of Firestone*, *Stop the Music*, *Ed Sullivan Show*, *Candid Camera* . . . At the movies: *The Life of Riley* with William Bendix, *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College* with Clifton Webb, *Sorrowful Jones* with Bob Hope.

READ ALL ABOUT IT ▶



page 38

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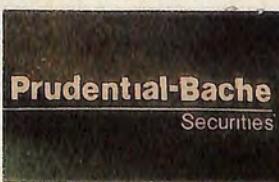
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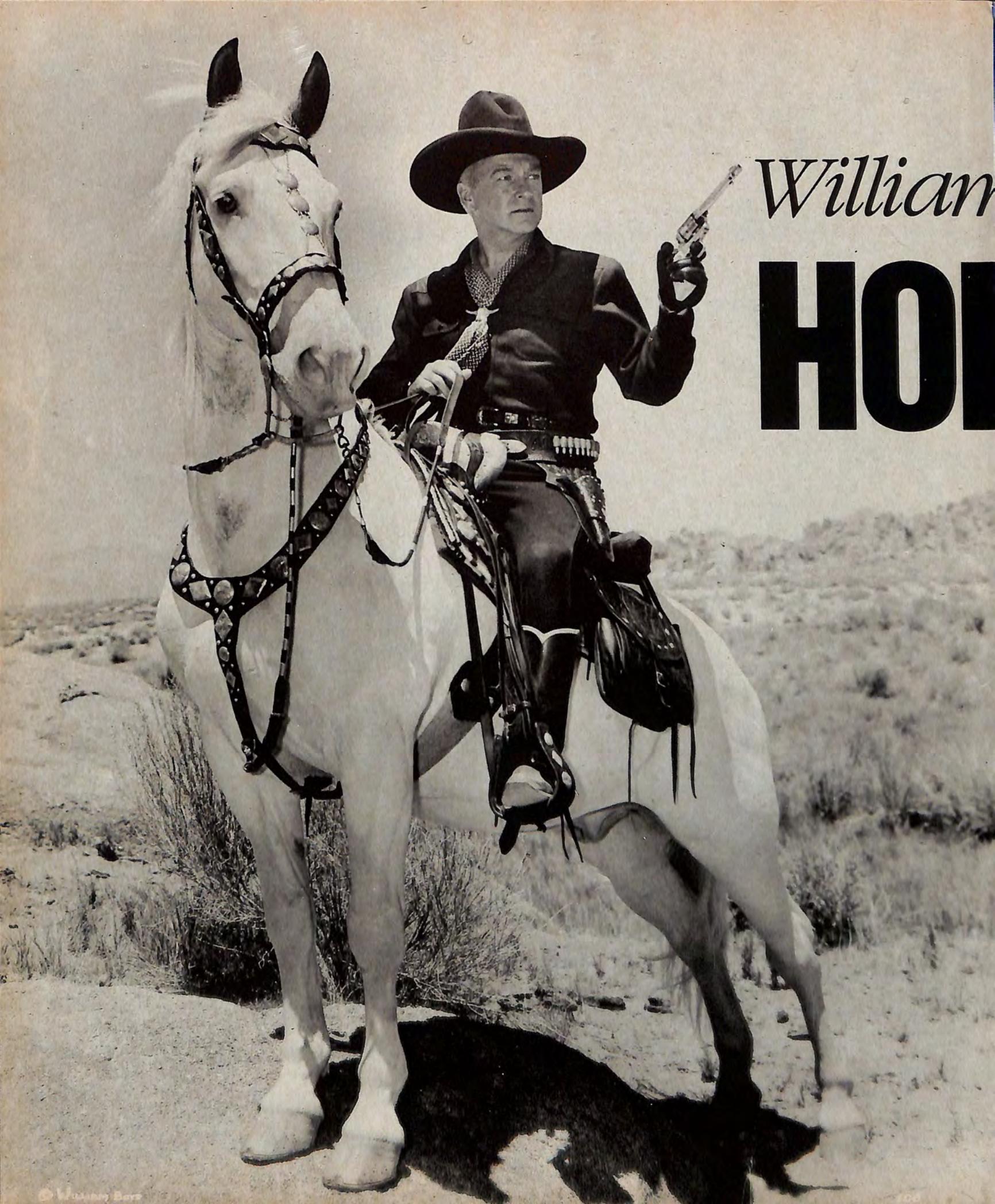
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William
HOPKINS



TV's first cowboy hero became a role model for a generation, and even for the actor who played him.

Boyd:

HOPPY AT LAST

In the summer of 1949, television was still the piece of furniture you got invited over to the neighbors' house to stare at. There were adult programs like *Kraft Television Theatre* and *The Goldbergs*, and Burr Tillstrom's *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, which appealed to the kid in all of us. But sports events, quiz shows and test patterns dominated the airwaves.

This was the TV landscape into which Hopalong Cassidy galloped that Friday evening, June 24, three months before *The Lone Ranger* and three days ahead of *Captain Video*. Dressed in black from booted toe to ten-gallon hat and riding a snow-white horse, Hoppy warmed hearts chilled by cold war fears. Virtually overnight, the silver-haired cowboy established himself as America's first true television hero. Within three months, more people were watching Hoppy than *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*. Within a year, he had eclipsed both Ed Sullivan and Groucho Marx.

Hoppy and his sidekicks were based on characters drawn from Western novels written by Clarence E. Mulford, a former Brooklyn marriage-license clerk, whose first trip west of the Mississippi came only after publication of his 18th book. William Boyd, who had been a silent-picture romantic lead, played Cassidy, the brave rancher who championed honesty, justice and morality in the Old West. Tall, with chiseled features and platinum hair (years earlier, while under

contract to Cecil B. De Mille, Boyd had covered the premature gray with brown greasepaint), the cowboy radiated authority leavened by a warm, engaging smile.

Boyd's Hoppy was as wise as he was no-nonsense. Foreman of the Bar 20 Ranch, the sharp-thinking, hard-riding sleuth tirelessly pursued a host of unsavory hombres, from cattle rustlers to murderers to lusters after gold. In "Strange Gamble," a typical episode, Hoppy goes undercover for the Feds to expose a ring of counterfeiters. In the process, he and his sidekicks, Lucky and California, manage to aid a pretty young woman in search of her long-lost father and his silver mine. Before Hoppy and his pals ride home to the Bar 20, they locate the young woman's father, restore ownership of the mine to him and round up the counterfeiters. "Don't hurry, boys," Hoppy says as the bad guys scramble to escape, "the only place you're goin' is Leavenworth Prison."

Parents actually urged their children to watch Hoppy, hoping his honesty, respect for others and patriotism might rub off. In time, Boyd would be inundated with phone calls from moms and dads begging him to tell little Bob and Susie to brush their teeth or to take their spurs off before going to bed. At police stations, truant youths were taken in tow by officers who asked, "Now, what would Hoppy say about that?" Boyd's personal appearances were standing-room only; at

By Jane Wollman



KEN GALANTE/SILVER SCREEN



U.S. TELEVISION OFFICE INC.

Top: Boyd began his career in silent films, among them the Cecil B. De Mille classic *King of Kings* (1927). **Center:** As Hopalong, Boyd's sidekicks included Andy Clyde, who played the dimwitted California, and Rand Brooks (right) as the naive young Lucky. **Bottom:** Gabby Hayes was Hoppy's first pal, a character named Windy.

CULVER PICTURES



one, 340,000 kids and parents stood in line to meet him.

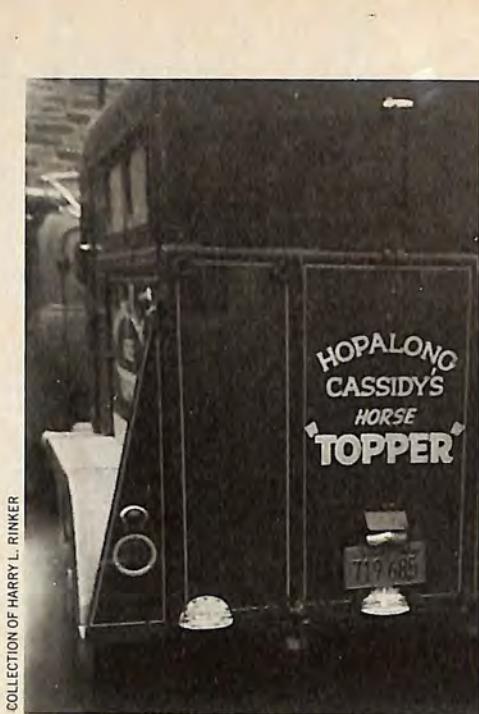
"Bill had the kind of charismatic charm that came through everywhere—babies turned to him like they turned toward the light," says Grace Bradley Boyd, the former stage and film actress who developed a crush on the silent-screen star at the age of 12 and became his fifth wife 10 years later, in 1937. "He had skin like a baby, china-blue eyes and black eyebrows. It was a dynamite combination—the face, the body, the hair."

But it wasn't just Boyd's complexion that rounded up American TV viewers like so many outlaws. "Hopalong was a comfort-giver, like a teddy bear or a blanket," says Connecticut psychiatrist Paul Horton, who has made a specialty of studying how people comfort themselves. "He was perceived as fatherly—even grandfatherly—and he took care of people, made us feel he would be a good person to have on our side."

Boyd's maturity had been hard-earned. Born in 1895, in Hendrysburg, Ohio, he dreamed of becoming an engineer, settling instead for a series of odd jobs, from lumberjack to oil rigger. At 19, he followed a friend's suggestion to try the movies and eventually landed a bit part in De Mille's *Why Change Your Wife?* (1920). That led to roles in such other silent De Mille classics as *The Volga Boatman* (1926) and *King of Kings* (1927). But his private life was far from regal; by the time he reached his early 40's, Boyd had been married four times. He was luckier on his fifth try. His marriage to Grace Bradley, whom he wed just three weeks after they met, lasted until his death 35 years later.

He'd been a "bad boy," says Grace today. "He'd done his share of drinking and so on." He'd also known Hollywood's depths, as well as its heights. When Boyd was 35, his matinee-idol days behind him, his photo accompanied a newspaper account of a drug and gambling party thrown by a different Bill Boyd, a former stage actor. Though the newspaper later printed a retraction, the damage was done. RKO Films, worried about bad publicity, invoked a morals clause in a multi-picture contract Boyd had just signed, voiding it and leaving the actor broke and unemployed.

In 1934, four years after the photo fiasco, producer Harry "Pop" Sherman asked Boyd if he'd like to play Buck Peters, the straitlaced rancher in the first



COLLECTION OF HARRY L. RINKER



Topper rode in his own deluxe trailer to Boyd's many personal appearances. Grace Boyd would also criss-cross the country with her husband, though she preferred to stay in the background. If pressed, she would tell kids she was Hoppy's mother, instead of his wife, since everyone "knew" the cowboy was single. In New York, 340,000 people lined up to meet the television star.

AMERICAN HERITAGE CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

Cassidy script. The actor, finding the character dull, instead talked Sherman into letting him play Peters's sidekick with the wonderful name.

The script for *Hopalong Cassidy Enters* (1935) called for Hoppy to smoke, drink, limp and wear a mustache. Boyd kept the limp (later abandoned) but turned the profane character into a clean-shaven, sarsaparilla-swilling dude, though one who used bad grammar, spouted cowboy clichés and was more rough-edged than the hero imprinted on memory. Boyd also turned Cassidy into the indelible character he became. It was Boyd's idea to dress Hoppy in black (in contradiction to convention), arm him with two pearl-handled six-shooters and have him ride a pure-white horse, Topper, who seemed more like Hoppy's alter ego than merely his favorite mode of transportation.

Topper was even treated like a star behind the scenes, his nose routinely protected from wind and sun with Elizabeth Arden's Eight Hour Cream. "Topper was a real ham," Grace Boyd recalls. Once, while filming, he accidentally stepped into a bucket. "Everybody laughed," says Grace. "Then they moved the bucket off the road and started to re-shoot. Topper actually went out of his way to step in it again; he wanted the laugh."

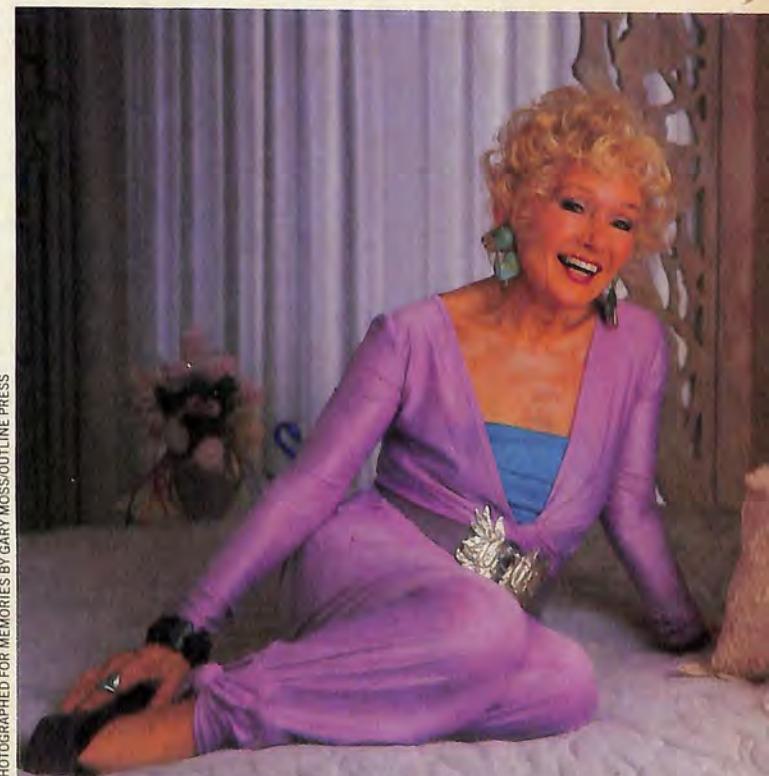
Besides his horse, Hoppy had a succession of human sidekicks, starting with George (Gabby) Hayes, who played a comical, not-too-bright older chum named Windy. Hayes was later replaced

by ex-Keystone Kop Andy Clyde, whose character was called California Carlson. Clyde's California was as helpless and dependent on Cassidy as a child. In one episode, after Clyde complains of the cold, Hoppy chides him like an exasperated dad: "I told you to put an extra blanket on last night. But you don't listen. Old Rugged, eh?"

In many episodes, Rand Brooks played Lucky Jenkins, a handsome young buck and Hoppy's foil. Brooks, who today operates an ambulance service in Glendale, Calif., remembers that his lines were mostly on the order of: "Which way did they go, Hoppy?" "What do we do next, Hoppy?" "Wha'd'ya think, Hoppy?" Brooks says the Hoppy players "got along beautifully" during filming, which usually took about two weeks for each feature. Boyd, says Brooks, was "quite a gentleman, always on time, always much the good worker."

Between 1935 and 1948, Boyd made 66 Hoppy movies, which corralled a loyal, largely female following. In 1948, local television stations in Los Angeles and New York City began broadcasting edited versions of the films. They were so

well received that NBC took *Hopalong Cassidy* nationwide the following year. As the program's popularity grew, the network commissioned 40 new 30-minute episodes, which Boyd produced as well as starred in; true aficionados claim these are inferior to the longer, earlier films. Following its network run, which ended in 1951, the series aired in syndication for another three years.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY GARY MOSS OUTLINE PRESS

Now in her 70's, Grace, who teaches tai chi, has been a one-man woman since she was 12.

Hoppy turned out to be Boyd's financial salvation. As early as 1942, with TV still in an experimental stage, the cunning cowboy began buying up Hopalong TV and film rights, a smart move, but one that left him flat broke. Then came the deal with NBC. By the end of 1949, Hoppy's smiling face was gracing the covers of the nation's leading magazines, and Bill Boyd was laughing all the way to the bank.

Singing cowboy Eddie Dean, who appeared in nine Hoppy films, vividly remembers the day Boyd signed that NBC agreement. "In walked Hoppy. He had on a white hat, white suit and white boots," says Dean, now 81. "The sun was coming in from the east, and he was standing in this background of light. It was," says Dean, "one of the most fabulous scenes I have ever seen." Dean recalls what Boyd said to him at the time: "I was broke, I couldn't get my pictures re-released in theaters; but today I'm the richest cowboy in America. When I die, Gracie will never have to worry about having money."

Boyd's boast proved to be an understatement. The TV series spawned a radio show, a comic strip, comic books and an incredible merchandising windfall. Boyd received 5 percent of the wholesale price of every Hoppy item sold, from embroidered chaps and fringed skirts to bicycles and even wastebaskets. In the show's heyday, 2,500 products carried the Hoppy name. In one month, hatmaker John B. Stetson Co. paid him \$53,000. Sales of Hoppy gear totaled nearly \$60 million in a single year. In 1950 the entire Hopalong Cassidy empire was said to be worth some \$200 million.

During the boom years, Grace and Bill crisscrossed the country making personal appearances, accompanied by



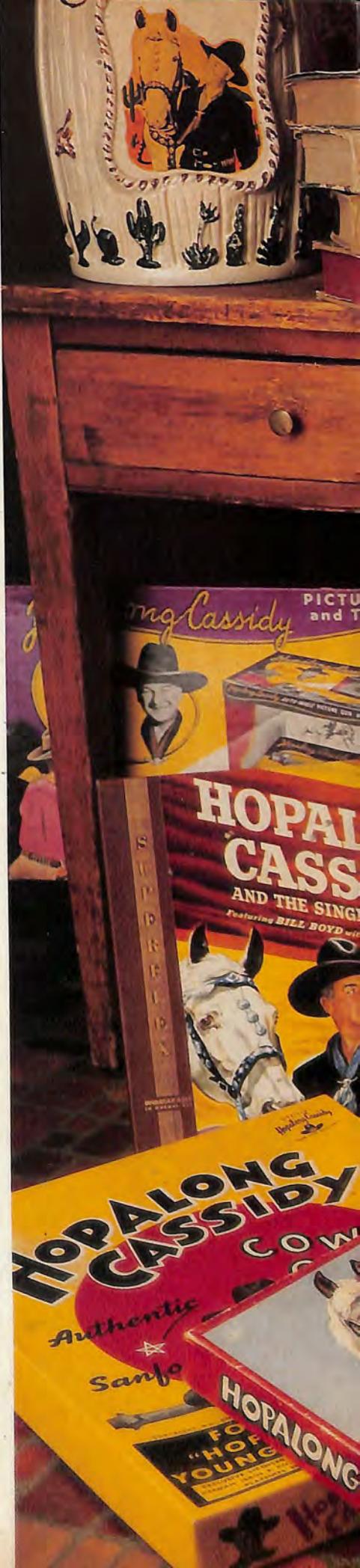
Topper. When the horse died, in 1960, followed three weeks later by the death of his groom, Boyd took the events as an omen. Disasters, he told Grace, come in threes. "I'm not going to go for that third one," he said, and promptly hung up his spurs. Boyd spent his later years living quietly in Palm Desert, Calif., where he was happy to walk the streets unrecognized. In 1972, at the age of 77, he died of a brain tumor.

Grace Boyd, now in her mid-70's, teaches tai chi in South Laguna, Calif. She still gets some 500 letters a year from Hoppy fans. With episodes on cassette as well as on the air, some of the letters come from youngsters making their first acquaintance with the cowboy. And there is no end in sight. In July, the Western Film Fair in Raleigh, N.C., will feature a Hoppy retrospective.

Hoppy, says Grace, was the making of her husband, and she doesn't mean just financially. "With Hopalong, Bill felt he was contributing something," his widow remembers. "He became totally concentrated on doing something good with his life." Boyd, himself, once described his conversion this way: "In 1935 I met a man I admired. I became that man. Hopalong is the good side of Bill Boyd."

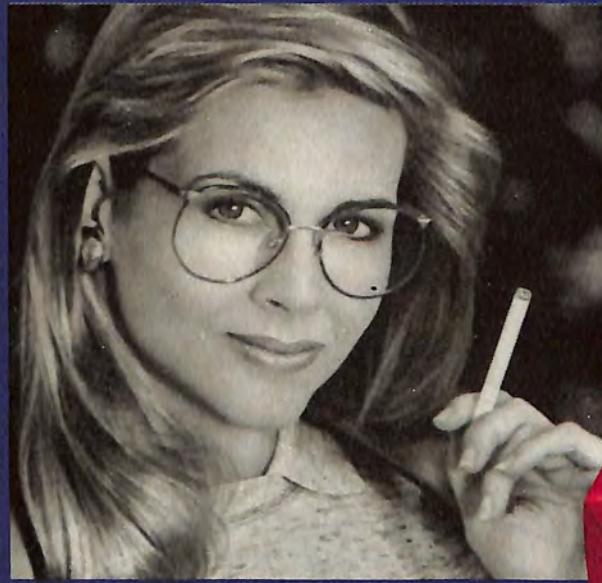
JANE WOLLMAN is co-author, with Steve Allen, of Adventures in the Vast Wasteland, to be published later this year.

Boyd's merchandising prowess brought him millions. At the TV show's peak, some 2,500 items carried the Hoppy name, with Boyd getting 5 percent of the wholesale cost. In 1950, the Hoppy empire was worth \$200 million. "I'm the richest cowboy in America," he once boasted.





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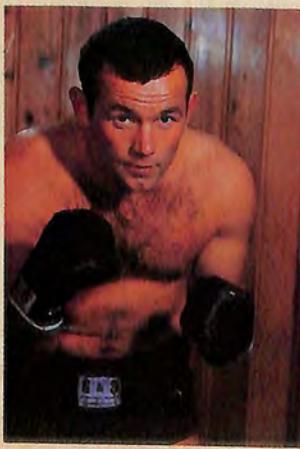
CARL MYDANS/BLACK STAR

IKE: Raises Fed debt ceiling



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

WATERWORKS
Hovercraft, new land/sea vehicle, unveiled . . . U.S. launches George Washington, first nuclear sub with ballistic missiles.



GLOBE PHOTOS

WINNERS
Swedish boxer Ingemar Johansson KO's Floyd Patterson to become first foreign heavyweight champ in 25 years . . . Wimbledon's men's singles to Alex Olmedo.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



CEREMONIES Eisenhower and Elizabeth II open St. Lawrence Seaway . . . Postmaster General bans *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from U.S. mails . . . Thirteen million Americans own stock . . . Unemployment up 1.4 million from mid-May.

30 years ago

JUNE AND JULY
■ 1959 ■

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



LANDINGS Klaus Fuchs, atomic spy (above, right), is released from prison and flies to East Germany . . . Soviets bring two dogs and a rabbit safely back from space.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

PERFORMERS Brigitte Bardot, 23, divorced from Roger Vadim, marries actor Jacques Charrier . . . Blues singer Billie Holiday ("My Man," "Mean to Me") dies at 44 . . . Ethel Barrymore (*The Corn Is Green*) dies at 79 in Beverly Hills.

JOHN R. HAMILTON/GLOBE PHOTOS



MUSIC On television: Lawrence Welk's *Top Tunes and New Talent*, *Dinah Shore Chevy Show*, *American Bandstand*, *Nat King Cole Show* . . . Hit singles: "The Battle of New Orleans," Johnny Horton; "Lonely Boy," Paul Anka.

READ ALL ABOUT IT ►



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UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

The 20-year-old student on summer vacation had no idea that within months she would marry the Shah and become part of history.

The Last Empress

By Jonathan Braun

In the summer of 1959, a beautiful, 20-year-old Iranian architecture student named Farah Diba returned to Iran after two years in Paris. She liked France, but she had often been homesick and had mixed feelings about going back.

She need not have worried. By the end of 1959, she had become Queen of Iran.

Shortly before Farah was to return to Paris, she was introduced by Princess Shahnaz, the Shah's daughter from his first marriage, to His Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the 39-year-old monarch. "My heart," she says, "felt as though it was beating out of control. We started to talk, and he made me feel so comfortable that, after a while, it was like talking to anyone."

Farah and the Shah were married Dec. 21 in the Hall of Mirrors of Teheran's ornate Marble Palace. Inscribed in icing on the 10-foot-long wedding cake were two wishes: "May Allah grant you a male offspring," and "May Allah blind all your enemies forever."

The male offspring came quickly. On Oct. 31, 1960, Queen Farah gave birth to Crown Prince Reza. For a time, it looked as if the second wish had been granted also; until the mid-1970's, the Shah ruled Iran with seemingly unshakable author-

ity. But in the late 1970's his enemies, led by the Ayatollah Khomeini, grew rapidly in strength and numbers. In January 1979, they ousted the Shah from power and forced him and his family into exile. Already ill with cancer, he would live only a year longer.

Farah Diba's engagement to the Shah was treated by the Western press as a jet-set Cinderella story. Newspapers and magazines wallowed in the details leading up to the wedding: her 55-carat, half-inch-square diamond engagement ring; her whirlwind shopping trip to Paris, where her wardrobe and coiffure were styled by the House of Dior; her dazzling appearance at the Paris Opera, swathed in white mink and regally ensconced in the box of the Iranian Embassy; her return to Teheran with 55 pieces of luggage. Readers from Teheran to Tallahassee devoured it.

Behind the breathless coverage, the union owed less to fairy tales than to considerations of state-building. The shaky Iranian monarchy desperately needed a male heir. Iran's constitution specified that only a son of the reigning monarch

In 1967, after 26 years as King, the Shah decreed his coronation as Emperor of Iran and crowned his wife Empress.



The wedding of Farah and His Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlavi was conducted in accordance with Moslem customs. The bride passed under a copy of the Koran held by her mother as she left for the ceremony in Teheran's Marble Palace.



could succeed him, and 18 years into the Shah's reign, he had produced one daughter and two divorces.

No one could have known if Farah would bear a son or not, but she was clearly fit to be Queen. She came from a respected old family that had served the monarchy for generations. Her father, a well-educated, French-trained army officer, died of cancer when she was 9, and she and her mother went to live with her mother's brother, a successful Teheran architect. Farah's mother and uncle provided her with a privileged, progressive upbringing. She attended Teheran's most exclusive private schools, where she excelled at sports. At 14, she captained her school's basketball team, which won a national championship; she also broke local records for the high jump and standing long jump. As a leader in the Girl Scouts, she got her first glimpse of her future husband in 1953, when her troop marched past the Shah in a parade commemorating his 34th birthday.

Upon getting her baccalaureate, Farah decided to become an architect like her uncle. In 1957, she enrolled in the École Special d'Architecture in Paris, where she spent the two years leading up to her meeting the Shah. After that first meeting, "I was invited again and again to the princess's house," Farah recalls. "I knew it was serious." One day, as the Shah and Farah sat talking on a small sofa, everyone else left the room. The Shah began to tell Farah about his life, his previous marriages, and what he felt it meant to be the Queen of Iran. "When he asked me to marry him," she says, "I accepted without hesitation. It was like a novel. Years later, I couldn't help but feel that it was destiny."

The wedding itself was conducted according to solemn Moslem rites. Honoring Persian customs, the Queen Mother sprinkled sugar over the bride (and her Dior gown) to insure her happiness, and wedding guests showered the couple with gold coins. As a touch of her own, Farah released 150 nightingales. In deference to her dislike for the sight of blood, the Shah chose to forgo the traditional sacrifice of a lamb. A 21-gun salute and the applause of 1,000 courtiers marked the end of the ceremony, while crowds shouted their hopes that the marriage would produce a male heir.

Their hopes were fulfilled: Crown Prince Reza was born 10 months later. His birth was followed, in due course, by the births of Princess Farahnaz, Prince





The birth of Crown Prince Reza in 1960 at last gave the Shah the heir—and the security—that had eluded him in his two previous marriages.

Ali Reza and Princess Leila.

By 1967, Farah had earned a reputation as a reformer who strove to maintain a balance between change and tradition. In contrast to the Shah, who could be forbiddingly formal, she had a natural, unaffected style. She defended the rights of women and the poor, spoke out in favor of upgrading and expanding Iran's health and public welfare institutions, and chaired international conferences on such global issues as population control and pollution. She sponsored the building of museums, the revival of crafts and the preservation of landmarks in her country.

Even many of her husband's harshest critics admired her.

But while her public life was applauded, she was thought to enjoy a less than happy home life. From the beginning of his reign, when he made international headlines by pursuing Rita Hayworth, the Shah had a reputation as a womanizer. Farah, however, insists that her marriage was tarred only by scandal mongers, not by scandal itself. "These stories about my husband and other women are so disgusting," she says, "that I don't like to talk about them, except to say that this kind of disinformation did us a great deal of harm."

Though she considered staying on in Iran [see "I Didn't Want to Leave," page 52], Farah accompanied her husband on his humiliating odyssey from country to country after his ouster in early 1979. The family fled first to Egypt, then went to Morocco, the Bahamas, Mexico, the U.S., Panama and finally Egypt again. It was there that the ailing Shah without a country died in 1980

at the age of 61.

Farah now maintains homes in America and France. She is not involved in politics. "My son [Crown Prince Reza] is our leader now," she says. "He makes the political decisions. Today, for my son, the most important aim is to have Iran liberated, and for the Iranian people, once freed, to choose their own form of government." The prince, who will be 29 in October and is known to his follow-



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

1958: Farah in Paris.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

1960: Scouting for worthy causes.

The Shah's Story



PICTORIAL PARADE

1977: Anti-Shah protests reach America.

Though Iran's monarchy was the oldest in the world, dating from the sixth century B.C., the Shah's family occupied the throne for scarcely two generations. His father, a commoner and army officer, led a bloodless coup in 1921, became prime minister in 1923, and two years later dissolved the ruling Qajar dynasty and claimed the crown. Taking the dynastic name Pahlavi, he ruled for 16 years.

In 1941, because of his pro-German sentiments, the elder Pahlavi was persuaded by the Allies to abdicate. He was succeeded by his 21-year-old son. For more than a decade, the young Shah was essentially a figurehead; real power lay with the prime minister.

In 1951, the newly elected prime minister, Mohammed Mossadegh, nationalized Iranian oil. The Shah, he proclaimed, could "wear all the pretty uniforms he wants [and] keep his throne, as long as he stays out of politics." Two years later, Mossadegh dissolved parliament, bringing a long-simmering feud with the Shah to a head. After attempting and failing to reassert his constitutional authority, the Shah fled.

But fearing that Communists would take advantage of the situation, the C.I.A. and British intelligence sponsored a pro-monarchist uprising. Restored to the throne, the Shah purged Communists and other dissidents, who had penetrated the armed forces. (To avoid rekindling civil unrest, he pardoned the popular Mossadegh and then kept him under virtual house arrest in a remote village for the remaining years of his life.)

Within weeks of the restoration, Iran received \$45 million in American aid. Strong American support followed for the next 20 years.

With the future of the dynasty apparently secure following the birth of his son in 1960, the Shah began to rule with greater confidence, some say arrogance. Bent on bringing his oil-rich but ultraconservative country into the 20th century, and responding to internal demands for reform (as well

as pressure from the U.S. Government), the Shah launched a broad social welfare program called the White (bloodless) Revolution in 1963. Among its stated goals were universal literacy, equal rights for women, profit-sharing for workers, and land reforms that would divide Iran's huge feudal estates among the peasants. The Shah told his ministers he planned to "go faster than the left."

The announced revolution elicited a harsh reaction from the right, particularly from Iran's mullahs, or Islamic clergy, many of whom were substantial landholders. They denounced the reforms. Nor were they alone. As late as 1976, many of Iran's smaller businessmen refused to allow their children, especially daughters, to be educated beyond the sixth grade, despite laws to the contrary.

The White Revolution triggered riots across the nation. Some of the most violent were led by a then 60-year-old cleric named Ruhollah Khomeini, in response to a bill providing special diplomatic rights to U.S. military personnel in Iran. For his role, Khomeini was exiled from Iran, his hatred of the U.S. inflamed. Although the Shah weathered the storm, he had been given a sobering view of the powerful forces that could be arrayed against him.

During the 1960's, Iran's oil-based economy thrived, and per capita income rose dramatically, ironically to the Shah's long-term detriment. When oil revenues jumped from \$2 billion to more than \$20 billion a year, following oil price hikes in 1973 and 1974, they triggered inflation, corruption, boondoggle development projects and huge purchases of Western arms. In an atmosphere of wealth and greed, the middle class the Shah had cultivated began to regard his tenure with indifference, if not distaste.

Contributing to the unrest was the Shah's intoxication with all things Western, his perceived preference for Western experts to his own countrymen and his importation of Western art and values. "Westoxification," his critics called it. A nationwide yearning for a return to traditional values, however much it was later distorted by fundamentalist leaders, also fueled the growing discontent.

In 1975 the Shah abolished the existing political parties and required all Iranian adults to join his new National Renaissance Party, "instituting," as *Time* put it, "a civil religion based on Shah worship." Meanwhile, the state police organization, SAVAK, was jailing thousands of political dissidents and gaining a worldwide reputation for brutality.

By 1978, with inflation skyrocketing, Iran was torn by riots and demonstrations. Although most of the protesters were young fundamentalists—followers of the exiled Khomeini, who was living in France—they enjoyed support from almost every sector of Iranian society. They focused their discontent on the person of the Shah. As his position deteriorated, the Carter Administration took no action to quell the rising tide of opposition. The Shah fled the country on January 16, 1979. He had ruled for 38 years.

Two weeks after his entry to the United States in October 1979, Islamic revolutionaries seized the U.S. Embassy compound in Teheran and demanded his return to Iran to stand trial. It was the beginning of an agonizing hostage crisis that would drag on for 444 days and cripple the Carter Administration. For the dying Shah, it was final proof that his own people had become his persecutors.

ers as Reza Shah II, has spent the last several months speaking out against the Khomeini regime.

Although she will not discuss the size of her family's resources, Farah admits that she is financially secure. At the same time, she dismisses as "lies and propaganda" the accusations by the Khomeini regime that the Shah took assets worth billions of dollars with him when he left Iran. "When I come to New York," she says, "I see what real wealth is. I'm in no way comparable to these people."

Her elder daughter, Princess Farahnaz, 25, received a degree in psychology from Columbia University in 1986 and is now in graduate school. Prince Ali Reza, 23, graduated from Princeton last year and is doing graduate work in history and literature. Princess Leila, 19, will be a college sophomore this fall and is undecided about her field of study. Mention of her children's specific whereabouts makes Farah rather uneasy. The family lives at some degree of physical risk and requires the protection of bodyguards.

"It's not easy," Farah says. "But there are things one cannot change. My children have all been to Ivy League colleges, despite all the difficulties. I'm proud of that. As a mother, you can endure everything as long as your children are okay. Thank God they are."



1962: With Jacqueline Kennedy.

BLACK STAR

JONATHAN BRAUN, a former editor at *Parade* who is now a financial consultant, has covered the Mideast for over a decade.



The family today: Standing (from left), Princess Farahnaz, Prince Ali Reza, Princess Leila; seated, Crown Prince Reza, his wife Yasmin, Farah.

"I Didn't Want to Leave"

I DON'T SAY HE WAS AN ANGEL OR A SAINT, BUT HE was a good human being, a civilized, decent person. Today, they show him as cruel and evil. It's unbelievable.

My husband's enemies accuse him of being a demagogue. In fact, he was a statesman. He had a vision of the world. Maybe if he had been a demagogue, if he had appealed more to the emotions of the Iranian people, if he had used religion to whip them into a frenzy of hatred and hysteria the way the present regime has done, maybe then he would still be in power.

His closest advisers and most loyal generals urged him—you could even say *begged* him—to use whatever force was necessary to stay in power. My husband was a king. He always said a dictator can have the blood of his people on his hands, but not a king. He didn't want bloodshed, so he made the decision for us to leave the country.

Deep inside, I didn't want to leave. I said to my husband, "If you think you should go because it would calm things, then let me stay." Not that I would have interfered politically, but if I had stayed, people would have seen his representative, and it might have given hope to our supporters. I didn't think about the danger to my life. Neither did my husband think about the danger to his life. But my husband said no, he was against my staying.

Going enabled him to leave some hope for his son to rule Iran in the future. If my husband had used the army to crush the revolution, there probably would have been no hope for the restoration of the monarchy, which I still believe is the best solution for Iran. Monarchy is a two-millennia tradition in Iran. It has always played a unifying role for different ethnic and religious minorities.

The first time I heard of Khomeini was in 1963, the year of the White Revolution. He led the opposition to the revolution, which above all involved land reforms that reduced the wealth and influence of religious leaders. I heard there were demonstrations in downtown Teheran and that he was the leader of the demonstrators. They were coming out of the mosques in white burial shrouds and were burning and looting. Khomeini was arrested then. He was placed under house arrest; he wasn't jailed.

When people say the Shah did things too quickly, what do they mean? That we should have held people back, told our people they were not psychologically ready for progress? The people wanted progress. There was mass communication. People knew about the rest of the world. Is everything from the West bad? Are modern hospitals bad? Is compulsory education bad?

I don't say there weren't abuses and problems, but

these were terribly exaggerated. There were so many lies, repeated so often, that they came to be accepted as truths. My husband's enemies always said there were 100,000 political prisoners in Iran. In the end, however, they themselves said that maybe the figure was 3,000. In reality, it was much smaller than that.

Don't forget, the people who were determined to overthrow my husband were not peaceful demonstrators. They were dedicated, violent revolutionaries, and they were using terrorism to destabilize the government.

It seems there were a lot of people who cared for human rights in Iran, which is wonderful. Everybody should have human rights. But how come when the Shah left, nobody spoke about human rights anymore? Did Iranians only have human rights under the Shah? Ten years have passed. What about Iranian women today? And the young and old people? What about the Iranian children who have died in the desert near the front in the war with Iraq?

And nobody questions the moral and spiritual corruption of today—the amount of money misused because of the arms purchases. We actually know the bank accounts of so-called religious leaders that we could send money to. I sent money to one account to get an officer out of jail. Some of these leaders even sent emissaries to me to say they can bring me things from the palace. Very simply: "If you want the furniture from the palace, it will cost you so much."

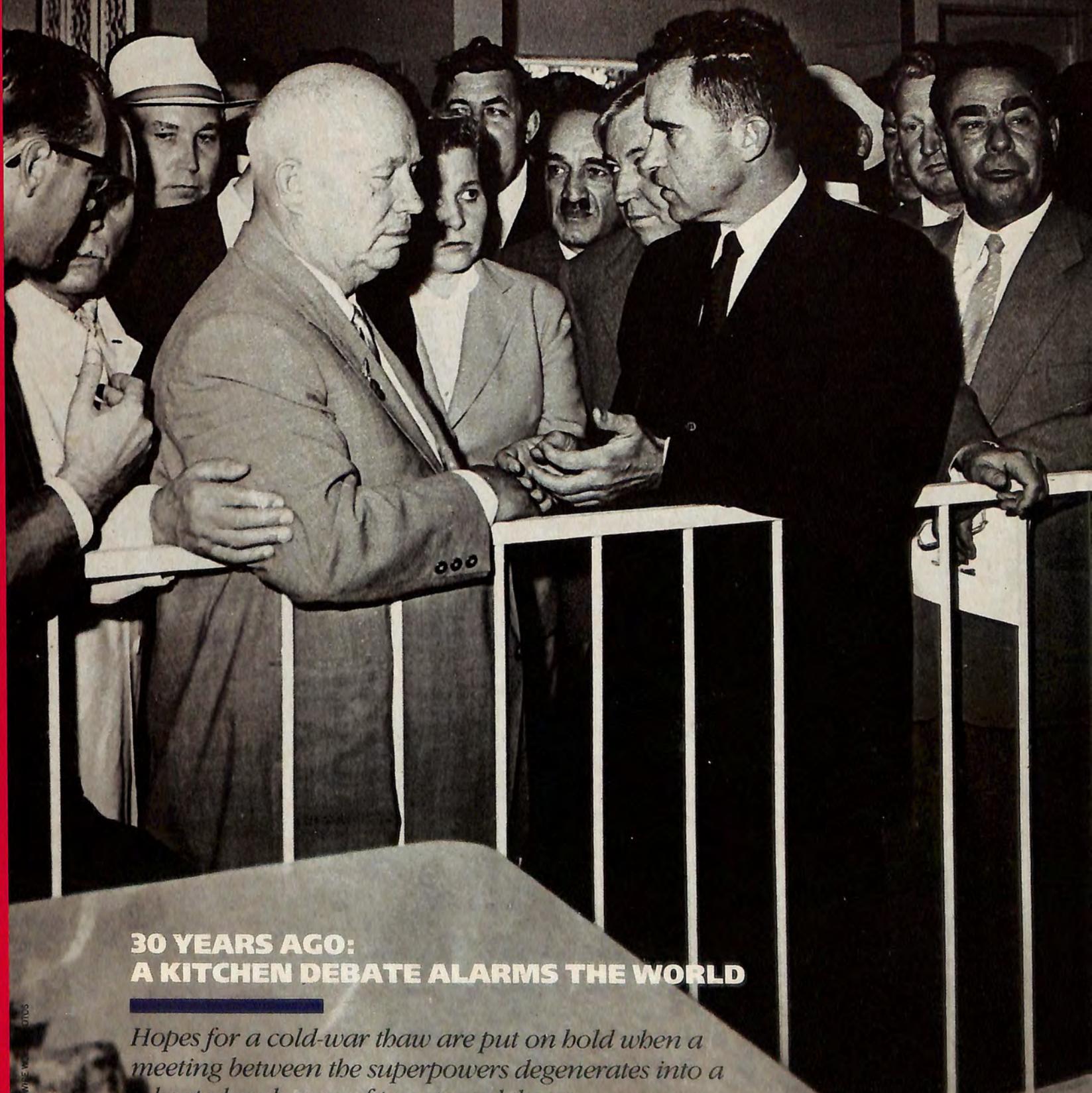
Could the revolution have been avoided? Maybe. I'm not sure. It was a mixture of so many things. Progress caused so many changes and brought with it so many problems. We were trying, in one generation, to jump from feudal and semi-feudal conditions to the 20th century and beyond.

Maybe it could have been prevented, although it would have taken so many "ifs," both domestic and foreign. The biggest "if" is knowing what Khomeini would have been like. If the people who took to the streets, starting with the middle class, who had benefited most from the Shah's time in power—if they had known what Khomeini and his followers were going to do, the destruction they were going to cause, there would have been no revolution. I am certain of that.

There isn't a day when I don't think about my husband. The media presented him as a frightening and cruel man, as if people should feel sorry for me being married to him. It was nonsense. He was so courteous, so polite, so affectionate. When I look back at him, not as a king but as a husband, I can't think of a man with whom I would rather have shared my life.



The Two Faces of



30 YEARS AGO: A KITCHEN DEBATE ALARMS THE WORLD

Hopes for a cold-war thaw are put on hold when a meeting between the superpowers degenerates into a heated exchange of taunts and threats.

Nikita Khrushchev



Khrushchev could be stubborn and abrasive, as in his 1959 clash with Richard Nixon. But he could also be outgoing and playful, as he was when visiting the U.S. later that year.



Vice President Nixon was remarkably restrained; still, the temperature rose. "We will answer threat with threat," an angry Khrushchev told him.

Heat in the Kitchen

By Charles Mohr



TO THE TUNE OF "CALIFORNIA, Here I Come," the boys on the bus began to sing:

*Moscow, Kremlin,
here I come.
What a place to
campaign from!*

We were approaching Red Square in July 1959, a few days before Richard Nixon's sensational "kitchen debate" with Nikita Khrushchev. With characteristic cynicism, members of the press entourage, myself included, had mistakenly assumed the trip was a campaign junket for Nixon during his bid for the 1960 Republican Presidential nomination. We were unaware of the fact that Nixon came bearing an invitation from President Eisenhower to Khrushchev to visit the United States, the first attempt to defrost the cold war since it began in the late 1940's.

Shortly before we'd left Washington, then Vice President Nixon confided to me that he was worried Khrushchev might block his exposure to the Soviet people, but that did not turn out to be the case. Nor would it turn out to be a routine story.

Time, in fact, called the Nixon-Khrushchev meeting, at a Moscow exhibit of U.S. technology that Nixon had come to open, "peacetime diplomacy's most amazing 24 hours." It was, however, neither peaceful nor diplomatic. Khrushchev loved to argue and, unlike most national leaders, didn't mind doing it in public. Given the recent passage by Congress of a "captive nations"



resolution condemning Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe, the chemistry between Nixon and Khrushchev was set for a flare-up.

After formally calling on the Soviet

leader at the Kremlin, Nixon escorted Khrushchev through a private noontime preview of the vast display of U.S. know-how, culture and artifacts in Sokolniki Park. The visitors passed in front of a television camera and, after a timed delay, saw themselves on a monitor. Khrushchev was not amused; in fact, he scowled. In a prescient remark, Nixon said, "You look quite angry, as if you wanted to fight."

"You have churned the water yourselves," Khrushchev snapped back, referring to the captive nations resolution. "What black cat crossed your path and confused you?"

Then, looking at the electronic technology around him, he changed the subject. "In another seven years," he said grumpily, "we will be on the same level as America."

To our surprise, Nixon tried valiantly to remain courteous. His early election campaigns for the House and Senate had virtually defined hardball politics as well as earning him his



"tricky Dick" sobriquet. But here he was, making almost no effort to stand up to the Soviet leader. Of course, as I said, we didn't know about the constraints Nixon was under in light of Eisenhower's invitation.

The mob of Soviet authorities, American officials and reporters—by now shoving and stepping on one another's feet to stay in earshot—tramped on to a six-room model ranch house, said to cost \$14,000. It had been split down the middle to allow easy viewing.

Pausing in the model kitchen, Nixon said that in America, "any steelworker can afford this house."

"You Americans," Khrushchev huffed, "think that the Russian people will be astonished to see these things. The fact is that all our new houses have this kind of equipment."

Nixon, still trying to avoid confrontation, said it was better to talk of washing machines than "machines of war."

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Mayhem in the Market

By Burt Meyers



Hordes of newsmen drove farmer Roswell Garst to distraction—and gave new meaning to the term herd journalism. Khrushchev (far right) seemed amused.

Thirty years ago, as a Washington correspondent for *Time*, I was one of more than 300 reporters and photographers who thundered coast-to-coast in pursuit of Nikita Khrushchev when he came to America in September 1959. Newsmen more seasoned than I had never seen anything like the journalistic mob scenes that marred the Soviet premier's 12-day visit. In a way that by now is all too familiar, we gentlemen and ladies of the press did not just report the story. We *became* the story.

Khrushchev was here to score propaganda points—more to be seen than to see—and he must have been delighted by the way we scrambled to record his every move. "There are so many newsmen reporting his trip," James Reston wrote in *The New York Times*, "that they change the course of events." *New York Post* columnist Murray Kempton declared: "One day of this trip is unbelievable. Two days are inconceivable." Carl Mydans, a *Life* photographer who had survived the Bataan death march in World War II, said: "I can't use talent on this story. The only way to get any pictures is to turn into a rogue."

The journalistic chaos sprang from more than numbers. Though the Khrushchev trip was one of the most important events in U.S.-Soviet relations, the Eisenhower Administration had put low-level functionaries in charge of press arrangements. They proved incapable even of keeping us informed of Khrushchev's schedule. "The result," Reston reported with considerable understatement, "has been turmoil."

Picture a supermarket in suburban San Francisco on a quiet afternoon. Housewives push double-decked shopping carts along wide aisles, balancing appetites against budgets, while children reach out from the carts, seeking to topple pyramids of Del Monte peaches and Hunt's tomato sauce. Lurking about the store, men with dark glasses and Secret Service buttons try to look like homeward-bound husbands picking up groceries. With my press credentials tucked out of sight, I study the TV dinners, having been tipped that Khrushchev will visit this supermarket to see how typical Americans buy their food.

Sirens sound. The doors swing open. In pops Khrushchev, a round little figure in a shapeless suit, squeezing melons and hefting grapefruit. Then the earth shakes

and the rest of the press pours in like a mudslide. Khrushchev disappears behind a wall of muscular Soviet security men who link arms to keep him from being trampled. Stacks of canned goods that have survived the pokes of countless children fall before the press. Cans roll along the aisles, and the footing becomes treacherous. Battling for position, a photographer jumps over a child in a stroller, lands on a moving grocery belt at the checkout counter and yells, "Somebody stop this thing. It's wrecking my shot."

Mydans, too short to photograph Khrushchev behind his muscle-man screen, hands a clerk five dollars and climbs onto his shoulders. "Faster, faster," Mydans yells, spurring the clerk with his heels. Other photographers leap into dairy cases and onto meat counters. "Hey, get off my chickens," a butcher yells. Someone walks in the cottage cheese.

Two days later, it's on to Coon Rapids, Iowa, where Russophile farmer Roswell Garst is supposed to instruct Khrushchev in the latest techniques for growing corn and feeding cattle. Although Garst has invited the entire traveling press corps to the demonstration, he naïvely asks the battle-scarred veterans of the Supermarket Blitzkrieg to please stay back, out of the way. We ignore him and plunge into a forest of seven-foot cornstalks. Squadrons of security men cannot stop us, even with the help of nine horsemen in cowboy garb, members of the Green County Pleasure Riders club.

Continued on page 59



Heat in the Kitchen

The pair couldn't even agree on what to toast. Finally they put aside politics and drank instead to "talking" and "the ladies."

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A frowning Khrushchev criticized American generals who thought they were so strong they could destroy the Soviet Union.

Nixon, his color rising, said both countries were too strong to ever give each other ultimatums, because "then you are playing with the most destructive force in the world."

"We too are giants," said the stubborn Soviet leader. "If you want to threaten, we will answer threat with threat."

Nixon tried to lighten the mood by saying that Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko "looks like me but is better looking."

"Only outwardly," Khrushchev replied.

Nixon concluded the afternoon exchange by saying, "I'm afraid I haven't been a good host."

Though the press was by now in a feeding frenzy, most of us thought the give and take was over. But at that evening's formal opening of the technology exhibit, with thousands of Muscovites looking on, the debate continued when Khrushchev was shown another kitchen, a futuristic fantasy in which robot floor-washers scurried about, mopping the linoleum, and a dishwasher loaded itself. Khrushchev seemed to think it was either a denigration of Soviet technology or a joke, or both.

"Don't you have a machine that puts food in your mouth and pushes it down?" he asked Nixon. He then said the day was not far off when his country would "come alongside America, salute

her and move on ahead."

Before the evening ended, Khrushchev offered a toast to "the elimination of all foreign bases." Nixon sidestepped the suggestion by proposing that they drink to peace. They argued about what to toast. Then Nixon said, "Let's drink to talking—as long as we are talking we are not fighting." Khrushchev proposed they "drink to the ladies." An enterprising waiter offered, "A hundred years of life to Mr. Khrushchev." And so on, through a few more innocuous sentiments and accompanying glasses of Russian wine.

The next day—despite the fact that reports of the exchange had frightened people around the world—it was clear that a grinning Khrushchev was enjoying the fuss he had created. He permitted transcripts of the exchanges to be printed and broadcast in the Soviet Union, invited the Nixons to stay a night at his country *dacha* and took them for a boat ride on the Moscow River, pulling up at several beaches to chat with Muscovites in bathing suits.

Our last stop was Warsaw, where a quarter-million Poles thumbed their noses at Moscow by cheering Nixon. On our last night there, members of the Polish Journalists Union took us to the Krokodile, a basement nightclub in Warsaw's reconstructed Old Town. Between American swing numbers, the bandleader offered a toast "to our wives and children who are at the seashore and to our secretaries who are dancing with us."

Thus, the historic trip ended as it began, with music and a dash of cynicism. ■

CHARLES MOHR is a reporter in the Washington bureau of The New York Times.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Khrushchev was part diplomat, part tourist during his U.S. visit; he was disappointed when, for security reasons, he wasn't allowed to tour Disneyland.

Mayhem in the Market

KEN GALANTE/SILVER SCREEN

continued from page 57

"Bring those horses in here. Push 'em back," Garst orders, without effect.

As a huge machine roars along the rows, chewing up cornstalks, we close in on our prey. "Get back!" Garst yells. He starts kicking. One boot lands on the shin of a distinguished reporter, who mildly identifies himself as Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times*. Garst bellows at him: "I'll kick you out, even if your name is Harrison Salisbury!"

The official party moves on to an odiferous silage trench. Farmhands with pitchforks stand by to keep us back. Khrushchev strolls through the trench, treading ankle-deep in fodder. One after another we evade the pitchforks and go over the top, into the trench. Khrushchev picks up a handful of silage and sniffs. "Smells good," he says through a translator with a bullhorn as we advance on him. With so many intruders in his silage pit, Garst is forced to cancel the fodder-packing demonstration he had planned for Khrushchev. Red-faced and screaming, Garst hurls silage at us in another futile attempt to drive us back. Khrushchev waggishly joins in, tossing at us a bit of the fodder he had held to his nose. "All right," he says, "if we can't do this, let's try something else."



30
years
ago

The something else is a fenced-off feed lot, where Garst plans to show off his cattle and prize bulls. "Get clubs," Garst orders his legions. "The first guy inside that gate gets clubbed." Unwilling to call his bluff, we reporters stand around picking silage off our suits. Garst and Khrushchev stroll off, free of us at last. Finally they come back through the gate. We clamor toward them. "You can all go in and associate with the cattle now. Mr. Khrushchev and I are through," Garst growls. Smiling broadly, Khrushchev says, "We'll turn the bulls loose against you."

Did he mean the warning or the smile? Thirty years later, in the Gorbachev era of *glasnost*, a free press still scrambles to answer that question about the Soviet Union. A year after Khrushchev's first visit to America, he was back, banging his shoe at the United Nations to protest a speaker's reference to the Soviet Union's domination of Eastern Europe. And only three years after tramping through Roswell Garst's cornfield, Khrushchev did try to turn the bulls loose by moving Soviet missiles into Cuba. ■

BURT MEYERS, a former Time correspondent and Fortune senior editor, is the author of *Geronimo's Ponies*, winner of the 1988 National Novella Award.

Epitaph for a Dictator

By Thomas P. Whitney

Not the least effect of *glasnost* has been the public re-examination of General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev's predecessors. About Stalin, Soviet citizens are learning what the outside world has long known—that he was a murderous tyrant responsible for the deaths of perhaps 20 million of his countrymen. Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviet leader from 1964 to 1982, has emerged as a hack politician astride a corrupt bureaucracy. Perhaps most startling to Russians, and satisfying to many Americans, who retain a soft spot for him, is the rehabilitation of Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev.

Khrushchev, who became the effective head of government in 1955 and ruled till his ouster by Brezhnev in 1964, was a study in contrasts. He could be rude, harsh, arbitrary and dictatorial. He could also be generous, outgoing and kind. He could be hard-nosed, not to say diabolical, in political intrigue. Yet in the immediate days before his overthrow he was fatalistic and inert.

Fiercely ambitious, he became first secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party in 1938 and zealously helped carry out Stalin's ruthless purges. In 1956, the same Khrushchev delivered to the 20th Party Congress the momentous "personality cult" speech bitterly denouncing Stalin. The speech ranks among the most important post-Stalin events in Russian history: It occasioned the release of millions—though not all—of the political prisoners who had been languishing in the Gulag.

It was Khrushchev who permitted the publication of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, the first internal exposé of forced-labor camps. But he also allowed the great poet Boris Pasternak to be virtually hounded to death in a controversy over his novel *Doctor Zhivago* and his Nobel Prize.

To America Khrushchev presented two sides as well. There was his "friendly" visit to the United States as an official guest of the Government in September 1959, when he traveled to Hollywood, visited an American supermarket and

toured the farm of his friend Roswell Garst in Coon Rapids, Iowa. There was also his later, shocking performance before the U.N. General Assembly in the fall of 1960: Suddenly angry at one of the speakers, he tried to interrupt, then pounded on the desk with his shoe, thereby giving the civilized world a fright and TV cameramen a field day.

Even more terrifying was his placement of nuclear missiles in Cuba. John F. Kennedy's forceful but restrained response, which led to the missiles' removal, may have defined JFK's finest hour. Before backing down, Khrushchev had played Russian roulette with the human race, a gamble that undoubtedly contributed to his downfall two years later.

Today Khrushchev the reformer is seen as a forerunner of Gorbachev. In repudiating Stalin, Khrushchev began the process of freeing Russia from absolute tyranny. By instituting some reforms, he also threatened the powers and privileges of many figures in the entrenched Soviet bureaucracy. He was foolish enough to antagonize Brezhnev, his second-in-command, calling him a "loafer" in front of others. Ultimately, the many enemies he had made banded together to force his removal. Some believe that Gorbachev's attempts to restructure Soviet society invite a similar conclusion. Perhaps. However, it is important to remember that Khrushchev was the only Soviet Communist Party leader ever to be deposed. It is also important to remember that Gorbachev is more adroit and sophisticated than Khrushchev.

After Khrushchev died in 1971 at the age of 77, some of the many Russians who have reason to be grateful to him took to putting flowers on his grave in the ordinary Moscow cemetery where he was buried. (Brezhnev had refused to allow him to be buried beside other Soviet leaders in the Kremlin wall.) These homely tributes offended Brezhnev, and for a long time the authorities permitted only visitors with a special pass to enter.

There is on Khrushchev's grave a sculpture by Ernst Neizvestny that eloquently illustrates the duality of Khrushchev's personality. In 1962 during his

campaign against modernism he savagely attacked Neizvestny, but it was Neizvestny whom the Khrushchev family commissioned to create this work after Khrushchev's death. As befits the subject, the sculpture has a dark side and a light side.

Of all the recent material on Khrushchev to appear in Moscow, the most revealing is a series in the Soviet weekly *Ogonyok* written by Khrushchev's son, Sergei. In it, he describes how a few weeks before Khrushchev's downfall, Sergei received a phone call from a stranger claiming to be an administrative assistant to an important party official. The caller also claimed to have detailed knowledge of a plot to overthrow Khrushchev. After Sergei met with the caller and heard the entire story, he reported it to his father. But Khrushchev took no action, either to defend himself or to counterattack. And a few days later, in an open showdown with Brezhnev and his allies in the Kremlin, Khrushchev put up no resistance.

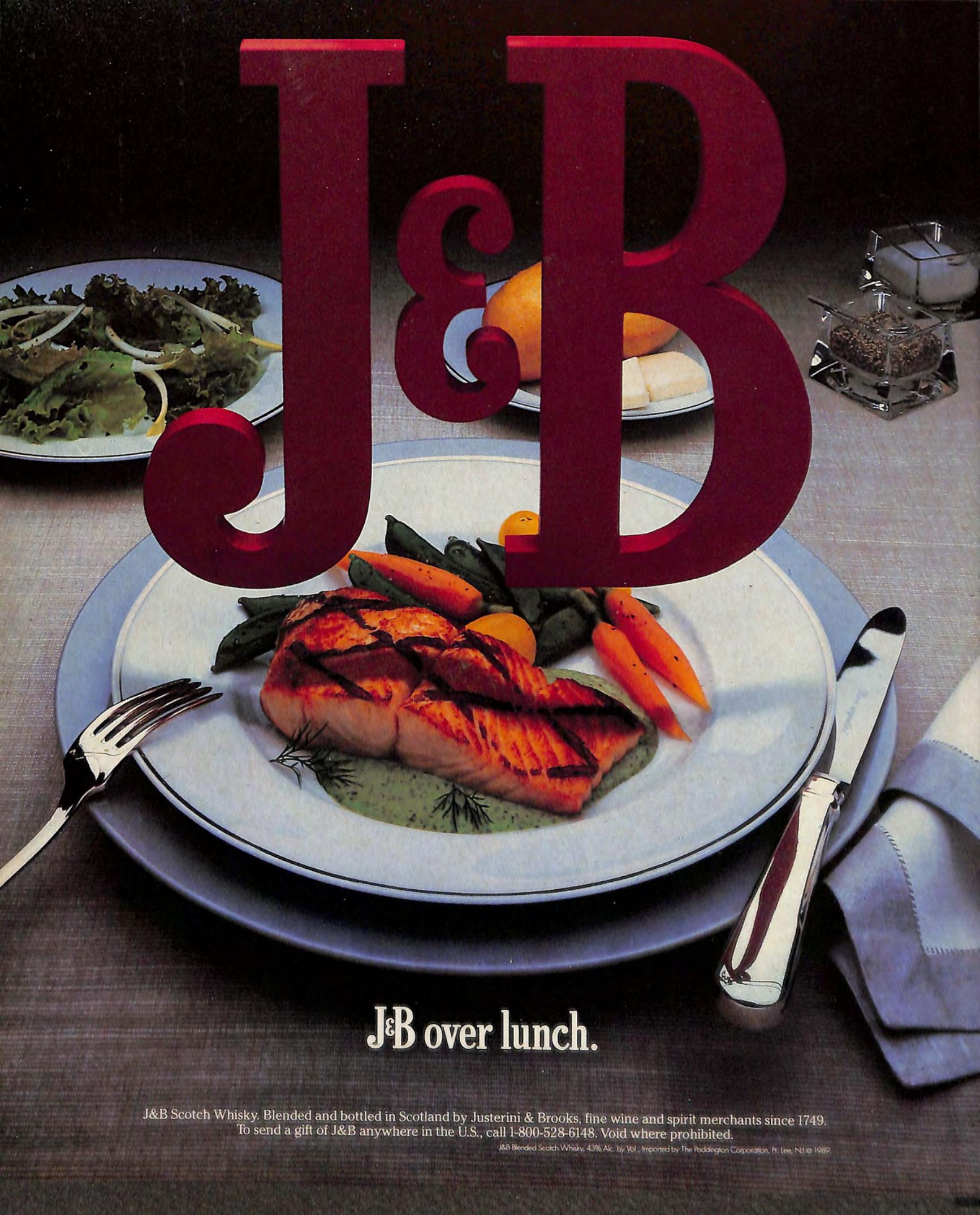
When he returned home from his Kremlin encounter, he telephoned his closest political ally, Anastas Mikoyan, and, speaking over a telephone line he knew was bugged, made a statement intended as a message to those plotting his overthrow. It might also qualify as his political epitaph:

"I am old and tired. Let them run their own show. I have already accomplished the main thing. The relations among us, the style of leadership, have been changed at the very heart. Do you think for one minute that anyone could even have dreamed of telling Stalin that he did not suit us any longer and suggesting to him that he go into retirement? He would have wiped us out—and not even little wet spots would have been left! But now things are different. Fear has disappeared and discussion takes place among equals. That is my achievement. And I do not intend to put up a fight."

THOMAS WHITNEY was Moscow correspondent (1947-53) and foreign news analyst (1953-59) for the Associated Press. He is the author of *Khrushchev Speaks*.



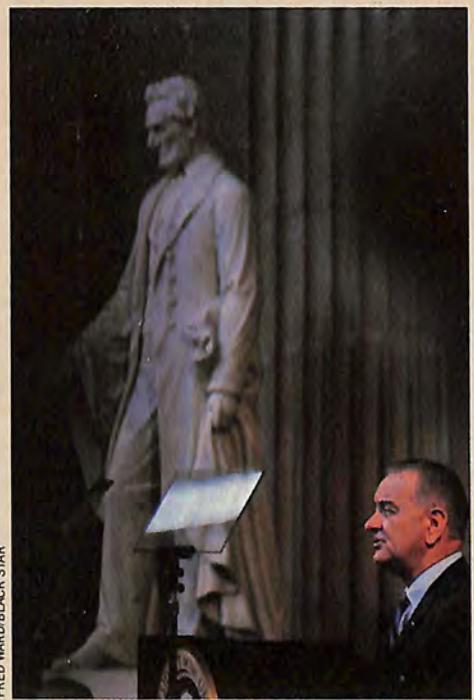
In taking steps to free Russia from the absolute tyranny imposed by Stalin, Khrushchev may have hastened his own downfall, which came in 1964. "I do not intend to put up a fight," he said at the time.



J&B over lunch.

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FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

LBJ: Signs civil rights bill

MISSING CALL FBI

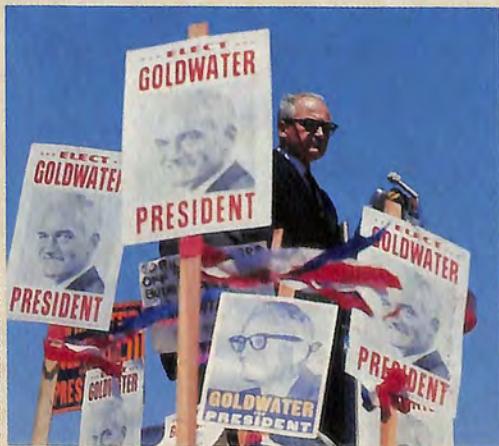


BASEBALL Sandy Koufax of Dodgers pitches third no-hitter . . . Jim Bunning of Phillies pitches perfect game . . . Luke Appling, Red Faber, Burleigh Grimes, Miller Huggins, Tim Keefe, Heinie Manush, John Montgomery Ward voted into Hall of Fame.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

GENE DANIELS/BLACK STAR

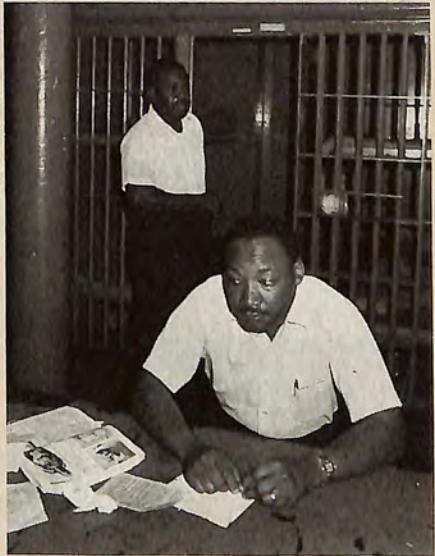


NAMES Barry Goldwater, senator from Arizona, is Republican Presidential nominee . . . Edward Kennedy is injured in plane crash . . . Lenny Bruce goes on trial for obscenity.

25 years ago

JUNE AND JULY
■ 1964 ■

UP/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



PROTEST Martin Luther King Jr. and 17 others jailed in Florida for trying to integrate restaurant . . . Three civil rights workers disappear in Mississippi . . . Thousands riot in Harlem; windows broken, stores looted, 30 arrested . . . U.S. sends 5,000 additional "advisers" to Vietnam.

MARILYN SILVERSTONE/MAGNUM



ANNOUNCEMENTS François Duvalier decrees himself President of Haiti for life . . . Three Cubans executed in Havana as "C.I.A. spies" . . . Washington reveals Castro's sister has been C.I.A. informant four years . . . Communist China accuses Khrushchev of turning capitalist.

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



Beach Boys

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



Clouseau

ENTERTAINMENT Peter Sellers creates Inspector Clouseau in *The Pink Panther* . . . Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* opens on Broadway with Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight . . . Top singles: "Chapel of Love," Dixie Cups; "I Get Around," Beach Boys.

READ ALL ABOUT IT ▶



page 64

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REIGNING SU



PREME

**25 YEARS AGO:
A NEW SOUND HITS THE POP TOP**

Three teen-agers from Detroit took the charts by storm. And we all sang along.

By David Ritz



The Supremes were sagging, the Supremes were dragging, the Supremes were downright depressed. When Diana Ross, Florence Ballard and Mary Wilson set out on Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars tour in June 1964, they were given bottom billing, beneath the Shirelles, the Crystals and the Dixie Cups, beneath even Gene Pitney and Dee Dee Sharp.

For five years, the harmonizing teenagers from the rougher side of Detroit had been prepping, practicing and primping, their eyes on the big time. Smokey Robinson, Ross's childhood chum and Motown Records' premier artist/producer, had brought the group to the attention of label founder Berry Gordy, who told them he might offer them a recording contract once they finished high school.

That condition met, the group joined Motown in 1960, working initially as background singers on recordings by Mary Wells. When Gordy decided to feature them in 1961, changing their name from the Primettes to the Supremes, he also made sure they were coached in charm, grooming and deportment. But their first recording, "I Want a Guy," charmed nobody. It was followed by seven others, each more supremely disappointing than the last. Gordy's latest discovery languished.

"We knew we were ready," Ross, the trio's spunkiest spirit, told me. "We had everything—the look, the style, the voices. We just didn't have the song."

When the song finally did come along, they almost didn't hear it. They had been listening for a driving, soulful sound, and "Where Did Our Love Go", which had been rejected by the Marvelettes, was too sappy, its lyrics—"Baby, baby, baby, baby don't leave me, please don't leave me"—too childish. At Gordy's urging, though, the Supremes agreed to record it. They also accepted—with varying degrees of enthusiasm—his decision to bring Diana Ross forward as the lead singer. "Little did we know," wrote Mary Wilson in her 1986 autobiography, *Dreamgirl*, "that neither Florence nor I would ever sing lead on a Supremes single again."

Released in June 1964 during the Caravan of Stars tour, "Where Did Our Love Go" shot to number one on the charts, selling more than two million copies in a matter of weeks. That was just the beginning. Over the next two years, the Supremes would cut six blockbuster gold records. Like their first hit, all were written by Motown staffers Brian and Eddie Holland and Lamont Dozier. And each of



STAR FILE PHOTOS



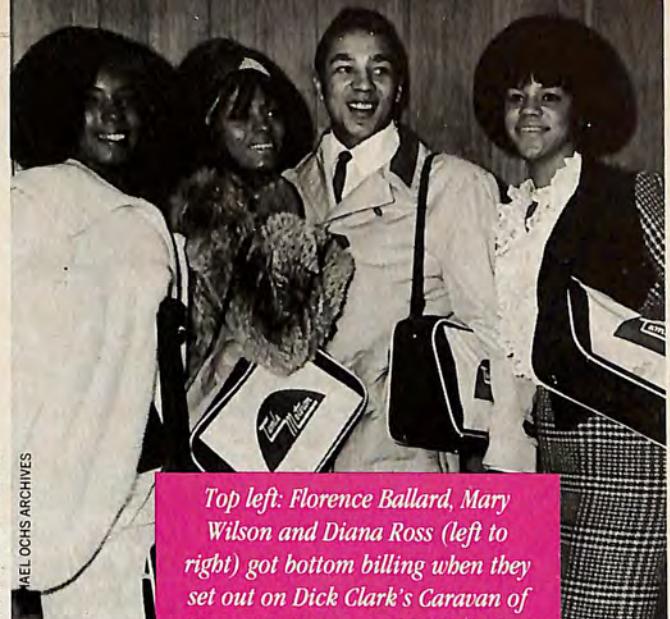


MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES



GLOBE PHOTOS

Top left: Florence Ballard, Mary Wilson and Diana Ross (left to right) got bottom billing when they set out on Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars tour in June 1964. While they were on the road, Motown released 'Where Did Our Love Go,' a song they'd been reluctant to record. By the end of August, the "no-bit" Supremes had the number-one song in the country, but without a radio on the tour bus, Mary later wrote, they had no idea they'd made the big time. Above: It was Smokey Robinson who'd brought the trio to Gordy's attention. Below: Appearances on The Ed Sullivan Show spread their appeal far beyond a teen audience.



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

them—"Baby Love," "Come See About Me," "Stop! In the Name of Love," "Back in My Arms Again," "I Hear a Symphony" and "You Can't Hurry Love"—was an unlikely but infectious blend of tambourine-thumping gospel grit and bubble-gum pop.

"No one was prepared for the Supremes," the late Marvin Gaye, another Motown superstar, once reflected. "Their success flipped Berry out, like he was playing the slot machines in Vegas and three cherries came up three times in a row. The rest of us felt his interest turn. Professionally he turned toward the Supremes, and romantically he turned toward Diana." Gordy temporarily left his desk to become the Supremes' personal manager. He traveled with them, programmed them and packaged them. He hired publicists to broaden their appeal. He even hired guards to protect and, some say, keep tabs on them. (And the Gordy/Ross romance provided fodder for gossip columnists for years.)

Gordy was obsessed with image and packaging. He orchestrated the trio's elaborate coifs, their trademark wigs, their extravagant gowns and makeup. He also tried to shape the singers' personas, turning them into glittering, black Barbie dolls. He even made sure to release only those publicity photos that exuded a slinky sexuality combined with teen-age innocence.

Gordy's success in booking television appearances on such mainstream programs as *The Ed Sullivan Show* and *The Andy Williams Show* accelerated the Supremes' march across color and generational lines. "You Keep Me Hangin' On" went to the top of the charts in 1966, followed the next year by two more number-one hits: "Love Is Here and Now You're Gone" and "The Happening." With each hit, the group's aggressive, up-tempo, I-need-you lyrics found new audiences. While the Beatles ruled America, the Supremes were conquering Great Britain, Germany, France and Japan. They were on their way to being the best-selling disc divas in international music history.

"Berry knew he needed to protect his property against the wolves of the industry," says Smokey Robinson. "And by booking them on national TV shows and in high-paying supper clubs, he opened doors for the rest of us, expanding our market from the chitlin circuit to the concert halls of Paris, London and Rome."

But Gordy had more than new cities on his mind. And so did Ross. The first sign came when he changed the group's name to *Diana Ross and the Supremes* early in 1967,

Girl-Group Fever

The sweet, syncopated girl-group sound would largely be replaced by the Beatles-led British invasion. But at its pop peak in 1964, girl groups held the number-one spot on the charts one week out of every four. Their sopranos captured the tenor of the time.



PHOTOFEST (8)

THE SHIRELLES (circa 1953-64) were the first girl group to reach the number-one spot, with "Will You Love Me Tomorrow" in late 1960. Other hits: "I Met Him on a Sunday," "Tonight's the Night," "Mama Said," "Baby It's You," "Soldier Boy."



THE MARVELETTES (circa 1961-69), like the Supremes, attended Motown's classes in choreography, voice and charm. First offered "Baby Love," they turned it down. It soared to number one for the Supremes. Hits: "Please Mr. Postman," "Beachwood 4-5789," "Playboy," "Twistin' Postman," "Don't Mess With Bill," "Too Many Fish in the Sea."

THE ANGELS (circa 1962-65) had one monster hit. Their threat of retribution in "My Boyfriend's Back" remains etched in the memory of those who heard it—it seemed like a thousand times—in the fall of 1963. It sold more than a million copies.



THE COOKIES (circa 1962-65) made their debut at Harlem's Apollo Theater, winning the amateur-night talent contest and an Atlantic Records contract. They quickly graduated from backup for Little Eva, singing on her recording of "Locomotion," among others, to their own stardom. Hits: "Chains," "Don't Say Nothing Bad About My Baby," "I Never Dreamed."



THE SHANGRI-LAS' (circa 1964-67) "Leader of the Pack" knocked the Supremes' "Baby Love" out of the number-one spot in 1964. Editorials across the country denounced its bikers-and-death lyrics, and it was banned by some radio stations. Other hits: "Walkin' in the Sand," "Give Him a Great Big Kiss," "Out in the Streets," "I Can Never Go Home Anymore," "Past Present Future," "Give Us Your Blessings."



MARTHA REEVES AND THE VANDELLAS (circa 1962-70) got their name when Reeves fused the first name of her favorite singer, Della Reese, to Van Dyke Avenue, a street near her home. Hits: "Come and Get These Memories," "Heat Wave," "Dancing in the Streets," "Nowhere to Run," "Jimmy Mack."

THE CHANTELS (circa 1957-60) first sang together in the choir at Saint Anthony of Padua School in the Bronx; the strong percussion and gospel-inspired choral sound remained in their music. Hits: "Maybe," "He's Gone," "Look in My Eyes."



THE RONETTES (circa 1962-66) made a plea for true love everlasting in "Be My Baby." The record shot up 70 slots in the Top 100 in three weeks and stayed in the Top Five for more than a month. Some called it the perfect pop record. Other hits: "Baby I Love You," "Walkin' in the Rain," "Best Part of Breaking Up," "Do I Love You."

THE BLUE-BELLES (circa 1963), featuring Patti LaBelle, were more popular on the R&B charts and in clubs than in the pop Top Forty. "I Sold My Heart to the Junkman" reached number 15.

THE CHIFFONS (circa 1963-66) scored big with "He's So Fine," which made it to number one in only six weeks. The beginning of the song, "Doo-lang, doo-lang, doo-lang," was considered a classic hook, a signature element of the girl-group sound. Other hits: "One Fine Day," "I Have a Boyfriend," "Nobody Knows What's Goin' On in My Mind," "Sweet Talkin' Guy."



THE DIXIE CUPS (circa 1964-65) rejected producer Phil Spector's original name for them, Little Miss and the Muffets. Hits: "Chapel of Love," "People Say," "Iko Iko."



THE CRYSTALS (circa 1962-64) became a quartet after a high school friend heard the trio rehearsing near her mother's office. When the group later decided to add a fifth member, Mom stepped in. Hits: "Oh Yeah, Maybe Baby," "There's No Other," "He's a Rebel," "Then He Kissed Me," "Uptown," "He Hit Me," "He's Sure the Boy I Love," "Da Doo Ron Ron," "I Wonder."

a move the others resented. "We suffered inside," Mary Wilson remembers. "Our creativity was stifled." Now Ross was out front in every photograph; in every interview, she seemed to have the most to say. By April of that year, Florence Ballard was out of the group. Some say her departure was self-inflicted, the result of heavy drinking and jealousy; others believe it was engineered by Gordy. (Ballard, dispirited by an unremarkable solo career, died of a heart attack in 1976 at age 32.)

Gordy lost no time in substituting a look-alike, Cindy Birdsong. He neglected to inform the press, and few fans noticed immediately; "Love Child" went to the top of the charts in 1968. In 1969, "Someday We'll Be Together" became the Supremes' 12th number-one hit; only Elvis and the Beatles had more.

Still, Gordy and Ross were restless. In January 1970 they decided the time had come to launch Diana's solo career. Her emotional farewell concert in Las Vegas, on January 14, ended with all three Supremes near tears, singing "The Impossible Dream."

Jean Terrell tried to fill Ross's shoes, and a few hits followed her stepping into them: "Up the Ladder to the Roof," "Stoned Love" and "Floy Joy." But the years of Supremacy were over. The group performed to ever-diminishing audiences until its final demise in 1977.

Diana Ross never looked back. In her first year as a solo artist she won a Grammy, and *Billboard* magazine named her the leading female vocalist of the year. Two years later she was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance as Billie Holiday in *Lady Sings the Blues*. Even the film's soundtrack album soared to number one. She stayed on the charts with "Reach Out and Touch Somebody's Hand" (1970), "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" (1970) and "Touch Me in

the Morning" (1973). Her second film, *Mahogany* (1975), directed by Gordy, was a critical bust but was boffo at the box office. (Many believe the dissolution of the Ross-Gordy association can be traced to a shouting match between them on the *Mahogany* set.) "Do You Know Where You're Going To?" (from the film's soundtrack) went promptly to number one in early 1976, followed later that year by "Love Hangover."

In 1978 Ross lobbied for, and got, the role of Dorothy in the film *The Wiz*, a hip, black remake of *The Wizard of Oz*. Most critics found her, at 34, too old for the role; audiences seemed to agree. A box-office disappointment, it became her last picture show, though her string of hit songs continued: "Upside Down" reached the top of the charts in 1980, and a duet with Lionel Richie, "Endless Love" (1981), turned into her biggest Motown hit.

Ross shocked the industry in 1982 when she left Gordy and Motown to sign with RCA. Even the Furies seemed to disapprove. In July of the following year, the Diana Ross Concert in New York's Central Park turned into a disaster; the show was first rained out by a violent summer thunderstorm, then rocked, the next night, by a riot of hundreds of rampaging teen-agers. Ross got more favorable attention in 1986, when she stopped, in the name of love, to marry Arne Naess Jr., a Scandinavian businessman, in Switzerland. She and Naess have two young sons. (Ross also has three teen-age daughters from her first marriage, to publicist Bob Silberstein.)

Today, she still sells out the plusher showrooms in Las Vegas and Atlantic City, but her record sales have fallen precipitously. Her 1987 album, *Red Hot Rhythm and Blues*, was the least successful of her solo career. Last February, in an attempt to change her luck, she re-

Motown founder Berry Gordy bit the right note when he decided to feature Diana Ross on the Supremes' recordings. The two were linked romantically and professionally for years afterward.



turned to Motown, this time as a part owner. Ross's first new Motown album, *Workin' Overtime*, was scheduled for release last May. (Gordy, now 59, sold Motown Records to MCA Inc. and Boston Ventures for \$61 million last year. He retained his TV and movie production company and remains its chairman.)

But while the Supremes have gone their separate ways, and even Diana

Ross's career seems curiously becalmed, the legend lives. Fan clubs still meet; Supremes records still sell. Their sweet-and-sour story has inspired any number of *romans à clef*, a host of imitators and a brassy Broadway musical, *Dreamgirls*. Obviously, their peculiarly American myth still matters.

"The Supremes were the result of good feeling and good vibes among close

female friends," says Mary Wilson. "We got older and the world changed. Some of us survived, some of us didn't, but those songs sound as good now as they ever did." ■

DAVID RITZ has written biographies of Ray Charles, Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson as well as novels, the most recent of which is *Blue Notes Under a Green Felt*.

"We Were a Trinity"

To this day—12 years after she disbanded the last incarnation of the group—she signs autographs as "Mary Wilson of the Supremes."

"We were a trinity," Wilson remembers, "three units of a single whole. Each had strengths the others lacked. Florence [Ballard], for instance, was down-to-earth. Diane [Ross] was outgoing and aggressive. I was the fun-loving one. And for years it worked beautifully."

She is sipping champagne after a performance in a dinner theater on the outskirts of Calgary, Canada, where she is starring in *Beehive*, a musical sendup of the singing "girl groups" of the 1960's. Twenty-five years ago, the songs—sung by the Chiffons, the Cookies, the Ronettes—were pop music's main course; tonight they're dessert for a hundred middle-aged couples hungry for a little light entertainment. In effect, Wilson plays her former self: a charter member of the Supremes, a Detroit teen-ager whose wildest dream came true—for a while. Dressed in a sheer camisole, black woolen pants and a black blazer, Wilson carries herself like a model. Her jet-black mane is lavishly curled, and her dark eyes sparkle as she reminisces. At 45, she looks a decade younger.

"We were the jewels in the Motown crown," Wilson says, "and we were also women supporting other women. As teen-agers we had few role models. We admired Lena Horne and Dorothy Dandridge and, among the white women, Doris Day and Donna Reed. But we invented ourselves, and that was a daring thing to do. We stood for something—an ideal. Our success proved what young black women could accomplish. Sure, we were interested in pleasing others, but

first and foremost we pleased ourselves."

"When we hit like a comet," she adds, "when we became the toast of the world, some said we were created and controlled by Motown, but don't believe it! Those poses, those famous Supremes mannerisms, were moves developed by the three of us. To us, they represented class."

As the Supremes' success grew, so did the arguments, usually over what was best for the group. Wilson says she tried to mediate, until Motown founder Berry Gordy allied himself with Ross. "Just as surely as [manager] Brian Epstein became the fifth Beatle, Berry became the fourth Supreme," says Wilson. "He was brilliant, but he also split us up. Where we used to be three thinking as one, now there were two against two—Berry and Diane against Florence and myself. This is when the cat fights began."

In her autobiography, *Dreamgirl*, Wilson portrays Ross, whom she always refers to by her given name, Diane, as egocentric and manipulative. The two have not spoken to each other since the book was published, in 1986. And in *Beehive*, she impersonates her former friend. "I'll always have a special place in my heart for one person," says Wilson's Ross: "Me!"

Wilson kept the group alive for seven years after Ross left in 1970. "It was a monumental struggle," she

says, haltingly. "I was determined not to turn the Supremes merely into a showcase for me. I've always felt that the Supremes were bigger than that, bigger than any of us. I wanted the Supremes to last forever, but finally I could see it wasn't meant to be." Still, she adds, "the Supremes' story will never die."

Wilson grows subdued. "For all my happiness and pride in being a solo artist," she says slowly, "not a day goes by that I don't miss them. There's a loneliness that never leaves me. I suppose I'm still searching for my friends. I'm still searching for the Supremes." —D.R.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY BORIS SPERO

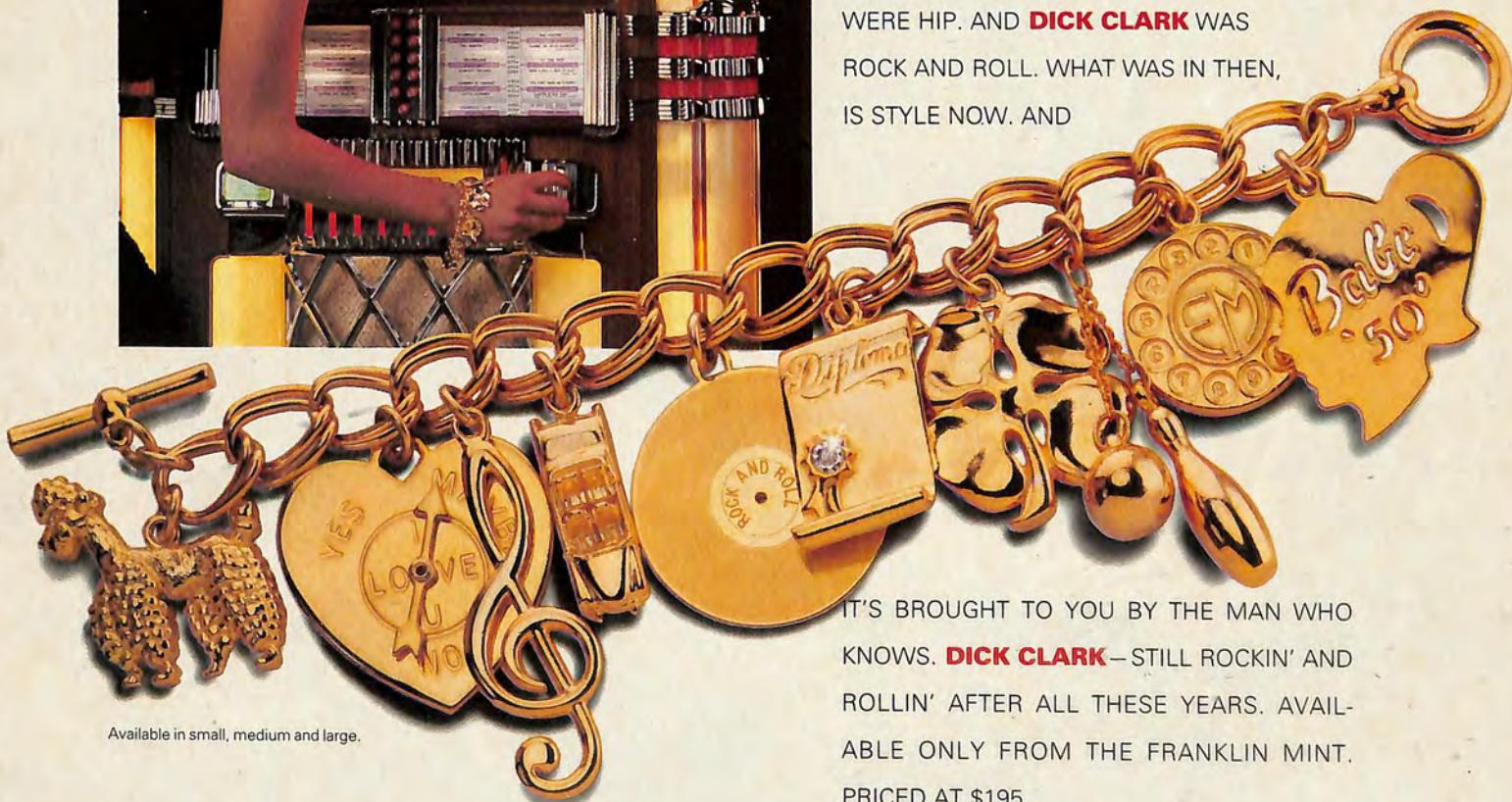
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*“You, Nigger, Are
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The landmark legislation that outlawed segregation failed to erase its humiliating message. Today, how much has changed?

Thoroughly Inferior Barely Tolerated Here"

Personal History
by Roger Wilkins

Just days after President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the Civil Rights Act into law on July 2, 1964, blacks in Harlem, Rochester, Paterson, N.J., and the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn poured into the night heat and initiated five years of urban summer rioting that would shape American race relations for at least the rest of the century.

By adopting the most comprehensive civil rights law in its history, the nation thought it had stripped itself of its racial problem, only to find that it had simply shed a thick, ugly covering from deeper,

far less tractable horrors. Though I didn't know it then, the events of that summer put a defining stamp on me and gave shape to my entire subsequent career.

A compendium of many of the long-cherished goals of the civil rights movement, the Act was born as the Kennedy Administration's response to the continuous hammering of the nation's conscience by sit-ins, freedom rides, the Birmingham Campaign, demands for integrated higher education in Alabama and Mississippi, the martyrdom of N.A.A.C.P. Field Secretary Medgar Evers, the killing of four Birmingham Sunday school girls, and the historic March on Washington led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

The Act did many things. It ended segregation in tax-supported facilities such as public libraries and swimming pools, established the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to address discrimination in the workplace, gave the Federal Government the authority to file suits to end school segregation, and set up the Community Relations Service to deal with racial problems at the local level. But its central symbolism was the destruction of segregation in privately owned public places, the most blatant and, in many ways, most humiliating form of discrimination in America.

Nevertheless, right after the bill became law, several Northeastern ghettos exploded, the riots most often escalating

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A long, hot summer of riots and upheaval began just days after LBJ signed a sweeping bill that spelled out equal rights for all.



cans, including large numbers of blacks, thought so much had been done when, in fact, we still had so much to do, one has to remember the awesome power of segregation. Segregation was far more than the separation of the races. Segregation carried a brutal message, pounded home incessantly: "You, nigger, are thoroughly inferior and are barely tolerated here."

Before 1964, the entire culture was segregated. Newspapers were segregated: White people did important things, but nothing of consequence happened to blacks. In movies, white people were handsome and beautiful and had romances and toppled nations; blacks were presented, when they appeared on screen at all, as ludicrous, bumbling clowns. Executive suites, private dining rooms, beachfront estates, good neighborhoods and the jobs and prizes esteemed by the world went only to whites.

Segregation of public accommodations brought that general, enveloping message down to a personal level and drove it and a lot of pain straight into the soul. I remember a scene from the fall of 1952, when I was a senior at the University of Michigan. I was going with my girlfriend and two other couples—one white, one black—to a cookout several miles from campus. We stopped for Cokes at a bowling alley in a little Michigan town called Hell. As we entered, I looked immediately around, according to the instinct of the time, to see if there were any other blacks in the place. There were none. I grew apprehensive; we all did. We sat down and waited for one of the waitresses to come over, but all we got were hostile looks from the country customers. Finally, Sid Klaus, my white friend, got up to ask for service.

"We'll serve you," he was told by the slattern holding the menus, "but not them." She waved an arm at us. As Sid walked back, his face drained and shoulders hunched, she yelled toward us in her loudest voice:

"We've got class. We don't serve no niggers here!"

Everybody stared as we rose in misery from the table and began the interminable walk to the door. My girlfriend, who had been raised in Cleveland and had never encountered such racial cruelty, began to sob in that deep way that wracks the body and contorts the face. Her pain and our chagrin and shame were on display for all to see as we groped our way toward the door and the privacy of the night.

That is what segregation was, a blunt



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Segregation meant far more than separation of the races. It pounded home a brutal message of inferiority and intolerance. A determined bipartisan civil rights coalition deflected protests from Southern senators, and the controversial bill passed after 83 days of debate. "An inexorable moral force moves us forward," said Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen in an eloquent closing speech.

from small-scale confrontations between neighborhood residents and police. After rioters roamed through Harlem for three consecutive nights, a white policeman tried to calm a mob by pleading through a bullhorn: "Go home! Please go home!" A lone, loud response came from the crowd: "We are home, baby."

As a young black adult whose con-

sciousness had been formed in the North, I understood only partly the lessons of those first riots. I was then too buoyed up by the passage of the Civil Rights Act to devote myself to helping the nation learn what it desperately needed to know—how deep and ugly were the racial problems it yet had to face.

To understand why so many Ameri-

instrument by which even the least significant white person could shrivel the soul of whatever unfortunate black might stumble across his path. The lessons of that bowling alley and places like it lived, of course, in the hearts of all of us blacks each time we walked into some unfamiliar place of business where "the public" was served.

That kind of segregation made a lot of blacks tentative and apologetic in a society where aggressiveness and self-confidence were components of success. In the 50's, before many blacks traveled by air, there were times that I would scurry back to my seat from an airplane bathroom so I could be invisible and safe from inquiring looks, which all seemed to say to me, "You are an unwelcome intruder in my field of vision."

It was not hard to believe that the only thing wrong with the picture of America we were looking at was that we weren't in it. Moreover, having bought more than a little of what American culture sold us so relentlessly about black people, we were also not immune to what American culture was selling about white people. Although there were surely some real villains around, those of us born after the Depression grew up believing in the friendly, open and principled white American: slow to anger, but a tiger in a fight for decency. It wasn't too hard to believe that the instincts of such people—shielded from us as they were by segregation—would shine forth once segregation was demolished and they could see us truly for the first time, not as niggers but as people.

It was therefore natural for some of us to believe that our best contribution to the cause would be to make ourselves into walking demonstration projects. I had the luck to be born to good, strong, well-educated parents who had high aspirations for me. During the early days of the civil rights movement, I had traded a promising career in international law for a job in the State Department as a special assistant to the director of foreign aid. I had done a little marching in local demonstrations, but mainly my soul's turmoil grew out of seeing, on TV, very ordinary Southern blacks struggling for the space to live and breathe in dignity.

That did two things to me. First, it made me question the course I had taken. How many people would my example help, anyway? Second, it filled me with raw anger, not at Southern goons like Bull Connor, the Birmingham police

chief who used dogs and fire hoses against demonstrators, but at Northerners who celebrated the clear distinctions between themselves and Southern bigots like Connor and thereby judged themselves free of racism.

Such people reflexively decried church burnings, meetings of the Ku Klux Klan and other Southern outrages they saw on television, while remaining oblivious to the situation in the all-white Northern workplaces they managed. Moreover, it never occurred to such people that although anti-segregation laws were on the books in most Northern states, including New York, there was terrible trouble brewing in such poverty-wracked places as Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant.

But the people who enraged me most in my early days in Washington were the Kennedys and their top advisers. The town was dazzled by the Kennedy wit, dash and glamour. But friends inside Robert Kennedy's Justice Department told me that not only was the department exclusively white, but the President and the Attorney General actually wanted to slow the black movement down. Their position was: "Don't the Negroes know that our margin was paper thin and we just don't have the political capital to spend on this? Can't they be patient?" I couldn't stand the idea of rich guys from Hyannis and Harvard decreeing that blacks should be patient.

The patronizing arrogance of the Administration's civil rights operations finally convinced me that I had to do more than just show what black people could do if given a chance. I decided to use my proximity to power to send the message that the poor blacks marching up and down muddy Southern roads would deliver if they could. So, in late 1962, I decided to write a private memorandum to President Kennedy.

In it, I tried to do three things. The first was to give JFK a sense of how painful it still was to be black in America under a President who understood so much and did so little. The second was to complain that senior officials in the Justice Department were making civil rights decisions without the slightest awareness that the

black point of view was missing from their deliberations. Lastly, I said that his exhortations about equal-employment imperatives in government rang hollow to anyone who knew there was only a token black professional on his White House staff.

Writing that memo crystallized my feelings. I finally faced the fact that my foreign-aid work was beside the point. As a result, shortly after the Civil Rights Act became law, I went to work for the U.S. Community Relations Service, which the Act had created. I wanted to involve the Service in the most profound legacies of slavery: urban racial and economic problems.

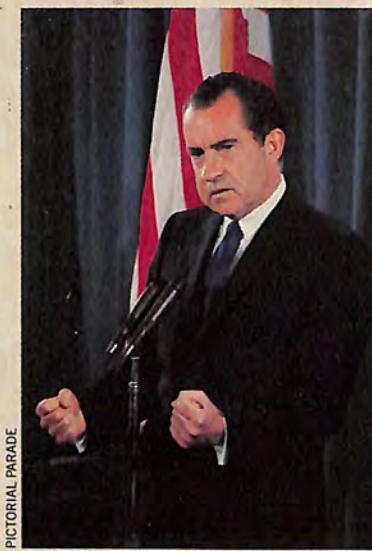
The outbreak of urban riots graphically pointed up what I knew in my gut: Segregation was against the law, but all over the country poor blacks were still oppressed and miserable. Outlawing segregation, necessary as it was, was akin to destroying the message but overlooking what lay behind it. The underlying tangle of culture, history, slavery and just plain racial hatred that had created the message simply began to pump new forms of it throughout society. Some of us are still dealing with that mountainous legacy. Some of our children have grown up and joined us in the struggle. We now know how long it will take. ■

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AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Though JFK, here with leaders of the March on Washington, initiated the drive for the Civil Rights Act, the author criticizes him and his brother Robert for "decreeing" that blacks be patient.



PICTORIAL PARADE

NIXON: Begins Vietnam pullout



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

JOBS Charles Evers is first black since Reconstruction to become mayor of biracial Mississippi town . . . Chief Justice Earl Warren steps aside for Warren Burger.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

GONE Judy Garland found dead in her London apartment; suicide suspected . . . Other deaths: U.S. tennis star Maureen Connolly, 34; film actor Robert Taylor, 57.

20 years ago

JUNE AND JULY
■ 1969 ■



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

SEARCH AND DESTROY U.S. destroyer Frank Evans accidentally rammed in South China Sea by Australian carrier . . . Mariner 6 sends back close-ups of Mars . . . Houston scientists get first look at moon rocks from Apollo 11 . . . Department of Agriculture suspends use of DDT . . . Rubella vaccine licensed.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

SIGHT AND SOUND Easy Rider opens with Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper . . . Top singles: "Get Back," Beatles; "Love Theme From Romeo and Juliet," Henry Mancini.



GLOBE PHOTOS

READ ALL ABOUT IT ►



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Chappaquiddick

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PICTORIAL PARADE



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The 20th Anniversary Trans Am. The Only Modification It Needed To Pace The Indy 500 Was A Decal.

The field at this year's Indianapolis 500 will roar down to the green and into history behind one of only 1,500 very special 20th Anniversary Trans Ams. The fastest T/As ever built. Any one of these power players could be tagged for the job because all were built with exactly the same powertrain hardware. As a result of a superb engineering partnership between Pontiac and PAS, Inc., no special Indy modifications were needed. We're talking about a turbo-intercooled 3.8L V6 engine that thumps out 250 hp and 340 lbs ft of torque under 16.5 lbs of boost. A cross-drilled crank, specific pistons, cylinder heads and intercooler make for on-time delivery. Heavy-duty systems for coolant and oil temperature control are in there, too. So is a specially calibrated four-speed automatic transmission, Level III suspension, vented heavy-duty front disc brake rotors and twin-piston calipers.

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SEE YOUR DEALER FOR TERMS OF THE LIMITED WARRANTY.



Everybody knows what Neil Armstrong said when he stepped on the moon: "That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind." The more vexing question: *Who suggested he say it?* In 1983, author George Plimpton set out to find the answer.

Plimpton reported in *Esquire* magazine that when he telephoned the publicity-wary Armstrong, "It started off clumsily. I explained that I had been writing about Apollo 11, its crew, and that it would have been odd to leave him out. I was concentrating on what he had *said* rather than the astronaut himself. That seemed to placate him. I asked him about the sentence. He quietly told me that he had produced the lines on his own ('I'm afraid I'll have to take the full blame') and the words were composed not on the long trip up there, nor beforehand, but *after* the actual landing of the Eagle on the moon's surface.

"When I expressed astonishment that he had waited until then, he produced a most practical reason: 'I always knew there was a good chance of being able to return to Earth, but I thought the chances of a successful touchdown on the moon's surface were about even money—fifty-fifty. An awful lot of the puzzle had not been filled in; so much had not even been tried. Most people don't realize how difficult the mission was. So it didn't seem to me there was much point in thinking up something to say if we'd have to abort the landing.' "



Before a "giant leap for mankind" could be taken, a series of last-minute crises had to be overcome.

ONE SMALL STEP FROM DISASTER

By Harry Hurt III

Just as President John F. Kennedy had predicted, America's conquest of the moon turned out to be man's "most hazardous and dangerous and greatest adventure." The most stunning technological feat in history, it represented the collective effort of an entire civilization. But men—not machines—ultimately made the difference between success and failure of the first moon landing. Amid the triumphant celebration that followed that momentous event, the fact that Apollo 11 had come close to disaster almost got lost, partly because NASA sanitized the official version. A series of last-minute crises—two computer malfunctions, an overshoot of the landing site and a near-empty fuel tank—almost forced NASA to abort the mission and very nearly cost the astronauts their lives. Interviews conducted with Apollo astronauts today and extensive archival research at NASA reveal that the first moon landing was not as smooth as the initial media coverage suggested. Here's the real story, told through the actual words and deeds of the men who made it happen:

"Apollo 11, Apollo 11 . . . Good morning from the Black Team." The wake-up call came at 6 A.M., Houston time, on July 20, 1969. Seven hours later, during orbit number 12 and more than four full days since liftoff from Cape Kennedy, the lunar module, Eagle, left the command module and began its 12-minute descent to the moon. Inside were astronauts Neil Armstrong and Edwin (Buzz) Aldrin.

Four minutes into the descent and 40,000 feet above the lunar surface, the Eagle rolled over, as programmed, to lock in her landing radar, turning the two astronauts

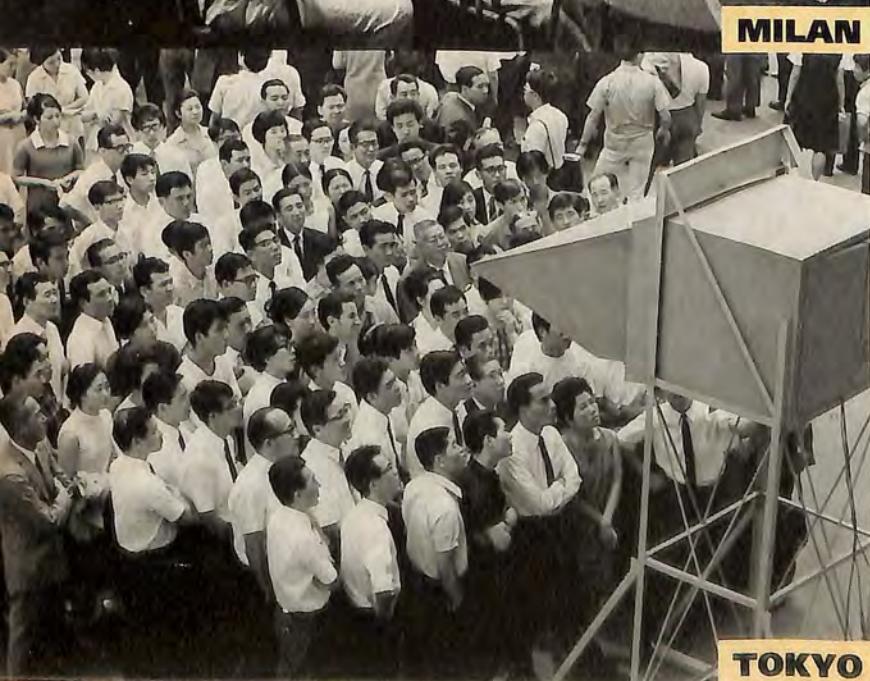
upside down without a view of the moon. They would have to remain that way, totally dependent on the module's computer guidance system, until they reached 7,000 feet, when Mission Control in Houston would make the next-to-last GO/NO GO decision.

Just before he lost sight of the lunar surface, Armstrong realized he had a problem when a large crater called Maskelyne W appeared in his window two seconds sooner than expected. At 3,000 m.p.h., two seconds translates into almost two miles off course.

"Our position checks downrange show us a little



GLOBE PHOTOS
Back from the future: Neil Armstrong, Michael Collins and Buzz Aldrin are all smiles after splashdown at the end of their voyage.



long," Armstrong reported to Mission Control.

"Roger, we confirm," replied Charley Duke, the Mission Control capsule communicator.

This matter-of-fact exchange belied the gravity of the error. Ground-based radar indicated that the spacecraft was diving toward the lunar surface some 15 m.p.h. faster than the flight plan called for. Mission rules mandated that if the speed increased by only eight miles per hour more, the astronauts would have to abort the landing and rendezvous with astronaut Mike Collins, circling above in the command module.

The responsibility for deciding whether or not Armstrong and Aldrin should continue their descent rested with Steve Bales, a 35-year-old computer specialist back at Mission Control. Flight director Gene Kranz, who was already sweating through his "lucky" white vest, demanded an immediate answer.

"I think this is going to hold steady and we're going to make it," Bales reported, adding another ominous, "I think."

Then the lunar module's on-board computer flashed an unexpected warning signal. "Program alarm," Aldrin rasped. "It's a 1202."

The computer program alarm caught Bales by surprise. At first, he could not even recall what a 1202 was. "Give me a reading on that alarm," Aldrin demanded, while Bales frantically searched for a code book that would identify the nature of the malfunction.

One of Bales's teammates told him that a 1202 signified an "executive overload." In effect, the module computer was saying that it was being asked to do too many things at once. In order to relieve the overload, it would have to delay executing certain commands. As a result, the spacecraft's guidance system was out of whack.

"The most dangerous items," Collins had observed before liftoff, "are the ones we've overlooked."

The cause of the 1202 alarm was one of the few items Houston had overlooked. It would turn out that the Eagle's rendezvous-radar signals were contradicting the landing-radar signals. The computer was trying to serve two masters—one intent on locating a touchdown site in the Sea of Tranquility, the other preoccupied with finding a route back to the mother ship.

Bales, who had participated in a simulation of similar last-minute problems, now recommended another GO, despite the program alarm. He later said he was acting "on instinct as much as anything else." It was just what both astronauts wanted to hear and the kind of decision that separated the real mission from all the simulated ones. "In the simulator," Armstrong would later explain, "we have a large number of failures and are spring-loaded to the ABORT position. In the real flight, we are spring-loaded to the LAND position."

About eight minutes into the powered descent, the Eagle reached 7,000 feet and "stood up," as planned, on her landing legs. The braking thrust of the descent had reduced her velocity, but the astronauts had less than six minutes to touch down in the Sea of Tranquility or they'd have to abort.

Flight director Kranz commenced the last formal GO/NO GO roll call of the men at Houston's key consoles.

A Tough Act to Follow

Being an astronaut," Michael Collins wrote in his 1974 autobiography, *Carrying the Fire*, "is a tough act to follow." Collins wrote those words five years after he piloted the command module from which fellow crewmen Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin made man's first lunar landing. In the wake of their enormous international celebrity, Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins proved reluctant heroes who today avoid the limelight.

Armstrong left the astronaut corps shortly after completing an Apollo 11 good-will tour, to accept a Washington position overseeing NASA's research into advanced aircraft and to become chairman of the Peace Corps National Advisory Committee. Armstrong resigned the NASA job in 1971 to become a professor of aeronautical engineering at the University of Cincinnati.

Five years later, he announced that he and a team of research associates were experimenting with a new pump for artificial hearts and kidneys, one adapted from an Apollo life-support backpack pump.

In 1986, Armstrong served as vice chairman of the Presidential commission appointed to investigate the causes of the Challenger space shuttle explosion. Now 59, he is an executive of CTA Inc., an Ohio computer software firm specializing in aviation systems.

In contrast to Armstrong, who insists he would fly back to the moon if offered a chance, former crewmate Edwin (Buzz) Aldrin Jr. admits he found the lunar mission a harrowing experience with devastating emotional repercussions. "I'm not sure I would go again," he has said on more than one occasion.

Aldrin chronicled his post-mission

psychic turmoil—which included debilitating periods of depression—in his 1973 autobiography, *Return to Earth*. "I had gone to the moon," he wrote. "What to do next? What possible goal could I add now? There simply wasn't one, and without a goal I was like an inert Ping-Pong ball battered about by the whims and motivations of others. I was suffering from what poets have described as the melancholy of all things done."

In 1971, he sought psychiatric treatment at Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Tex., and began to put his life back together. He retired from the Air Force the following year and took a part-time job as a representative of Volkswagen of America. He has subsequently worked as a salesman, a rancher and a science lecturer at the University of North Dakota. Recently he married for the third time. Now 59, he heads an engineering consulting firm in Los Angeles.

Command module pilot Michael Collins was the only member of the Apollo 11 crew not to walk on the moon. His responsibility was to keep the mother ship Columbia in a proper orbit so that Armstrong and Aldrin could successfully rendezvous with it after they had explored the lunar surface. The modest and articulate Collins has consistently maintained that it did not bother him to come so close to the moon and not leave his footprints in the lunar dust.

Orbiting alone, he says, provided him with an opportunity for reflection. "It was a totally different moon than I had ever seen before. The moon that I knew from old was a flat yellow disc, and this was a huge three-dimensional sphere, almost a ghostly view, tinged sort of pale white. It was very, very

Orbiting alone, says Collins, gave him time to reflect.

large and very stationary in our window, and it gave one a feeling of foreboding. It didn't seem like a very friendly or welcoming place. It made one wonder whether we should be invading its domain."

Collins left NASA shortly after the moon flight and spent two years as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs in the Nixon Administration. He served as under secretary of the Smithsonian Institution from 1971 to 1978, during which time he directed the creation of its National Air and Space Museum.

In 1980, Collins founded an aerospace consulting firm in Arlington, Va. Now 58, he is the author of several books, including the best-selling *Carrying the Fire*, *Flying to the Moon and Other Strange Places* and *Liftoff: The Story of America's Adventure in Space*.

Regardless of how much their lives have changed, the Apollo 11 astronauts should know that "all things done" were not done in vain. Thanks to their heroic exploits, the citizens of our planet became citizens of the universe. And that was truly "a giant leap for mankind."

—H.H.



Today, space heroes Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin avoid the limelight, pursuing interests in the private sector.



COURTESY OF NASA

All gave the same answer: "GO! . . . GO! . . . GO!"

Charley Duke relayed the unanimous verdict to Armstrong and Aldrin. Although the Eagle's faltering computer was still in control, Armstrong was already preparing to take over. On his right was a joy stick with a bright red pistol grip, which could make the module pitch, roll or yaw, thereby changing her course and/or slowing her descent. On his left was a toggle switch that would slow the module's descent velocity one foot per second each time he clicked it.

Suddenly, at 2,500 feet, another alarm sounded.

"1201," Aldrin barked.

"1201," Armstrong repeated.

This alarm meant another computer overload. Again, Houston decided to proceed. But the second warning raised the tension even higher.

Only now did Armstrong and Aldrin begin to realize the true implications of the alarms: The computer overloads and the excess speed of their descent were going to cause the Eagle to overshoot the designated landing site

by miles. If the trajectory error were six miles or more, they would have to abort.

As the Eagle passed the 1,000-foot mark, the astronauts appeared to be plummeting toward a large crater full of jagged boulders. "I was surprised by the size of those boulders," Armstrong later deadpanned. "Some were as big as small motor cars. And it seemed at the time that we were coming up on them pretty fast; of course, the clock runs at about triple speed in such a situation."

Aldrin gave altitude and velocity readings in a steady drone. At 500 feet, Armstrong took over semiautomatic control. At first, he could not decide exactly what to do. On the one hand, he knew the crater was filled with lunar bedrock and, as such, would be fascinating to scientists. But he also knew that the boulders could wreck his spacecraft. "I was tempted to land," he said afterwards, "but my better judgment took over."

Armstrong made the module pitch from vertical to horizontal; with thrusters pointing backward, he could

Does That Banner Yet Wave? —



The flag retains its permanent wave and its place in the firmament.

nally coaxed it to remain upright, but in a most precarious position. I dreaded the possibility of the American flag collapsing into the lunar dust in front of the television camera."

Not only did that *not* happen, but NASA experts predict that the flag—and the astronauts' footprints—will remain precisely where Armstrong and Aldrin planted them for at least 10 million years. Since there is neither wind nor erosion on the moon, the only threat comes from a meteorite or other space fallout. While the chance of that happening is too small to calculate, there is talk of erecting a shield to protect the site of man's first landing after a habitable lunar base is established, sometime around the year 2005.

Also left behind were a plaque ("Here Man from the planet Earth first set foot upon the Moon, July 1969 A.D. We came in peace for all mankind."), several cameras, an assortment of hand tools, packing material, a scale, two armrests, waste bags and backpacks. In addition, the astronauts left scientific measuring equipment, including a 16-pound seismic meter designed to measure moon quakes; a honeycombed laser reflector, enabling astronomers to measure the exact distance between the earth and the moon, and a solar wind detector designed to trap ambient gases emitted from the sun.

After months of exercises in which the astronauts were trained to handle more than a few unlikely occurrences, there was one exercise they had not rehearsed: the flag ceremony. The seemingly simple task of jamming a pole into the lunar surface proved to be much tougher than either had anticipated. "It was nearly a disaster," Aldrin recalled.

To compensate for the absence of atmosphere on the moon, a small tele-

scoping arm had been attached to the flagpole to keep the flag unfurled and perpendicular to the pole. But try as they might, the astronauts were unable to fully extend the telescope. Consequently, explained Aldrin, "the flag, which should have been flat, had its own unique permanent wave. Then, to our dismay, the staff of the pole wouldn't go far enough into the lunar surface to support itself in an upright position. After much struggling, we fi-

"skim over the top of the boulder field" to look for a less hazardous alternate landing site. "I was absolutely adamant about my right to be wishy-washy about where I was going to land," he said later, "and the only way I could buy time was to slow down the descent rate."

Although Armstrong's maneuver did slow the Eagle's rate of descent, it also served to increase her forward velocity by several feet per second, thereby extending her approach trajectory another two miles. The spacecraft was now at least four miles off course—just two miles from a mandatory abort—and was rapidly running out of descent fuel.

Armstrong, ordinarily the most unflappable pilot in the astronaut corps, started to register his anxiety. His pulse raced to a peak of 156 beats per minute, and he broke into a cold sweat. "I changed my mind a couple of times again, looking for a parking place," Armstrong recalls. "Something would look good, and then as we got closer, it really wasn't good. Finally we found an area ringed on one side by fairly good-sized craters and on the other side by a boulder field. It was not a particularly big area, about the size of a big house lot. But it looked satisfactory. And I was quite concerned about the fuel level. We had to get on the surface very soon or fire the ascent engine and abort."

At 200 feet above the lunar surface, he hooked back around, hovered for a few seconds and jerked the module back into the full upright position required for landing.

"Sixty seconds," warned Duke from Control; only one minute of descent fuel remained. The Eagle headed for the darkness of her own shadow and quickly became engulfed in an enormous cloud of dust kicked up by the exhaust of her descent engine.

Meanwhile, the men at Mission Control had started the countdown for an emergency abort. But the astronauts were in the "dead man's zone," below the minimum altitude required for an emergency ascent over the lunar landscape. Explained Aldrin: "In this zone, if anything had gone wrong, it would probably have been too late to do anything about it before we impacted with the moon."

"Thirty seconds," Duke reported. The Eagle was down to half a minute of descent fuel. Duke started to call out another fuel consumption reading, but chief astronaut Deke Slayton, at Duke's side, cut him off. "Shut up, Charley, and let 'em land."

Twelve seconds later, the Eagle plopped down in a field of boulders on the uncharted eastern edge of the Sea of Tranquility. "The landing was so smooth," Aldrin said later, "that I had to check the landing lights from the touchdown sensors to make sure the slight bump I felt was indeed the landing."

"CONTACT LIGHT!" he exulted.

At 3:18 P.M., Neil Armstrong spoke what most historians would declare to be man's first intelligible message from another planet: "Houston, Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed."

HARRY HURT III is a Newsweek correspondent based in Los Angeles. This article was adapted from his book *For All Mankind, a history of the Apollo space program*, published by The Atlantic Monthly Press last December.



A wrong turn? Today, the narrow bridge where Kennedy's car plunged into the water looks serene; curious tourists visit every day.

Chappaquid



20 YEARS AGO: A SUMMER PARTY ENDS IN DEATH

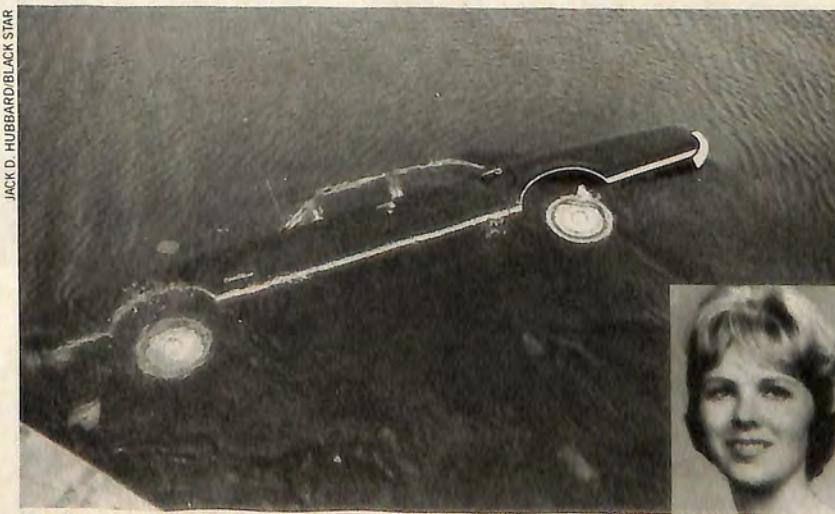
Yet another Kennedy tragedy alters the political landscape. At stake, after a young woman's drowning: Ted Kennedy's career.



dick Update

By Ed Joyce

It was a glorious afternoon on Martha's Vineyard. The temperature that Saturday, July 19, 1969, was in the 80's, the sky a shimmering blue. The air held the tang of salt. On my way to pick up provisions for a "moon party" I was giving to watch television coverage of the first landing on the moon, the phone rang. It was a request from the CBS radio station in New York,



The body of Mary Jo Kopechne (inset) was recovered by a diver who says she might have lived had authorities been notified shortly after the accident.

where I was then news director, to check out a story.

Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy had been involved in an automobile accident on the Vineyard's small satellite island of Chappaquiddick. A young woman in the car with him had drowned. Driving to the police station in Edgartown, I remember shaking my head at the string of tragic events recently attached to an American family once blessed by providential good fortune. Six years earlier, in 1963, President John F. Kennedy had been assassinated as he rode in a Dallas motorcade. In 1968 his brother Robert became the victim of another assassin's bullet during his bid for the Presidency. And now the only surviving Kennedy brother had driven his '67 Oldsmobile off a narrow bridge in an accident that, tragically, had resulted in the death of his companion. So much agony in one family seemed to defy the odds.

At the station, a police officer told me and the handful of other reporters that the accident had taken place at a bridge on Dyke Road sometime after midnight. Kennedy said he had taken "a wrong turn off Main Street" on his way to catch the ferry to Edgartown. Kennedy had not reported the accident until the following morning, some eight hours after it had taken place; he had been accompanied to the police station by his cousin Joe Gargan and former aide Paul Markham, both attorneys. He then left the island.

I next took the two-car ferry from the main island to Chappaquiddick and drove to the bridge where Kennedy's car had plunged into the water. The tiny bridge led only to a small strip of secluded beach. From discussions with residents of the few houses on Dyke Road, I learned that a nearby cottage, rented by Gargan, had been the scene of a party Kennedy and his passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne, had attended the night before, facts omitted from the Senator's statement to police.

By the time I returned to Edgartown, the crowd of reporters and curious islanders gathered outside the police station had grown. The police chief, Dominick



Accompanied by his wife, Joan, Kennedy emerged from the courthouse after pleading guilty to a single charge of leaving the scene of an accident. In a TV appearance that night, he said he had fled from a crisis—an action he judged as "indefensible."

(Jim) Arena, a tall, heavyset man, told reporters he was convinced that "the accident was strictly accidental."

Four hours after I'd received the call from WCBS, I phoned in my report. I described the rented house where the party had taken place, the skid and splinter marks I'd seen on the bridge, and the lack of an adequate explanation from Kennedy about how he could have mistaken a dirt road going in the opposite direction from the ferry for the continuing pavement of the main road leading to it. I also quoted Arena saying he was "not satisfied with Kennedy's explanation of the nearly eight-hour time lag between the accident and the time it was reported to police."

In his statement, the Senator said he had managed to get out of the car and swim to the surface, then made repeated dives to rescue Kopechne from the sunken vehicle. Describing himself as exhausted and in a state of shock, Kennedy said he remembered returning to the rented cottage. The 1.2-mile journey took him past several houses where he could have asked for help; one neighbor told me her lights had been on at the time of the accident. There were sufficient gaps

in Kennedy's story to convince Arena to file a citation against the Senator for leaving the scene of an accident.

The next day, I returned to the small gray shingled cottage where the party had taken place. My car radio was tuned to one of the most thrilling moments in history: Neil Armstrong and Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin were walking on the moon. While astronauts searched the surface of the lunar landscape, I searched the garbage cans that had been left outside the kitchen door of the cottage. They were empty and as spotlessly clean as the cottage's interior, which I could see through cracks in the lowered blinds. A great deal of care had evidently gone into leaving the house in pristine condition.

Foster Silva, the caretaker of the rented cottage who lived next door, told me the party had been a noisy one. "We heard them," he said, "and so did our dogs. The party wasn't wild with any riotous goings-on, but they were very loud. If they had kept it up I would have called the police. I was pretty fed up with the whole thing, but sometime between 1:30 and 2 A.M. the noise suddenly died down."

I remained on the island as the new week began. Kennedy assembled in Hyannisport a group of advisers that included such New Frontiersmen as former JFK speechwriters Ted Sorensen and Richard Goodwin, former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, former Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall and Kennedy's brother-in-law Stephen Smith. Some of the very men who had advised JFK during the Cuban missile crisis now groped for a politically acceptable explanation for the death of a young woman in the cold waters of Pocha Pond.

While this brain trust convened in Hyannisport, the press contingent on the island continued to grow. Frustrated by the lack of additional information, reporters jumped on the list Arena had received from Kennedy's lawyers naming everyone who had attended the party. In addition to Gargan and Markham, the group included Ray LaRosa, a former fireman and Kennedy campaign worker,

Charles Tretter, a lawyer and campaign aide, and John Crimmins, the Senator's part-time chauffeur. Also at the party were six young women who had worked on Robert Kennedy's campaign staff: Mary Jo Kopechne, Rosemary "Crockett" Keough, Esther Newberg, Susan Tannenbaum, Nancy Lyons and Mary Ellen Lyons.

News that the revelers were six married men and six unmarried women spelled an end to sympathetic press coverage; the grace period accorded the last remaining Kennedy brother was over. "The Senator's closest associates," said *Newsweek* in a cover story that appeared shortly after the accident, "are known to have been powerfully concerned over his indulgent drinking habits, his daredevil driving and his ever-ready eye for a pretty face."

One week after the accident occurred, a grim-faced Senator Kennedy returned to Edgartown and pleaded guilty in District Court to charges of leaving the scene of an accident. He received a two-month suspended sentence and one year's probation. That evening, in a speech aired nationwide on radio and television, the Senator made an emotional appeal to Massachusetts voters on his fitness for further public service. "You and I share many memories," he said, "some of them glorious, some have been very sad . . . and so I ask you tonight, the people of Massachusetts, to think this through with me. I seek your prayers."

The speech proved to be a vital first step toward political recovery, but it nevertheless raised as many questions as it answered. Aside from revealing that Gargan and Markham had returned to the scene of the accident with Kennedy and attempted to save Kopechne, it shed no new light on what had actually happened. Kennedy left unexplained the hours in which the accident had gone unreported, although he did admit to a serious error in judgment. "I regard as indefensible," he said, "the fact that I did not report the accident to the police immediately."

Telephone polls conducted within hours of the speech recorded widespread support

across Kennedy's home state. But while the Senator would remain popular in Massachusetts, polls taken three months after the tragedy revealed that his favorable rating had fallen nationwide from 71 percent to 48 percent.

The January following the accident, Kennedy and 26 others testified at a closed inquest in Edgartown. It found "probable cause to believe that Edward M. Kennedy operated his motor vehicle negligently . . . and that such operation appears to have contributed to the death of Mary Jo Kopechne." That April a grand jury returned no indictments after calling four witnesses; District Attorney Edmund S. Dinis closed the case.

Seven months later, Massachusetts voters returned Ted Kennedy to the Senate. He was again re-elected in 1976, 1982 and 1988. Even critics concede he has been a powerful presence on Capitol Hill, supporting such causes as a national health insurance system, a nuclear freeze and tough anti-crime legislation.

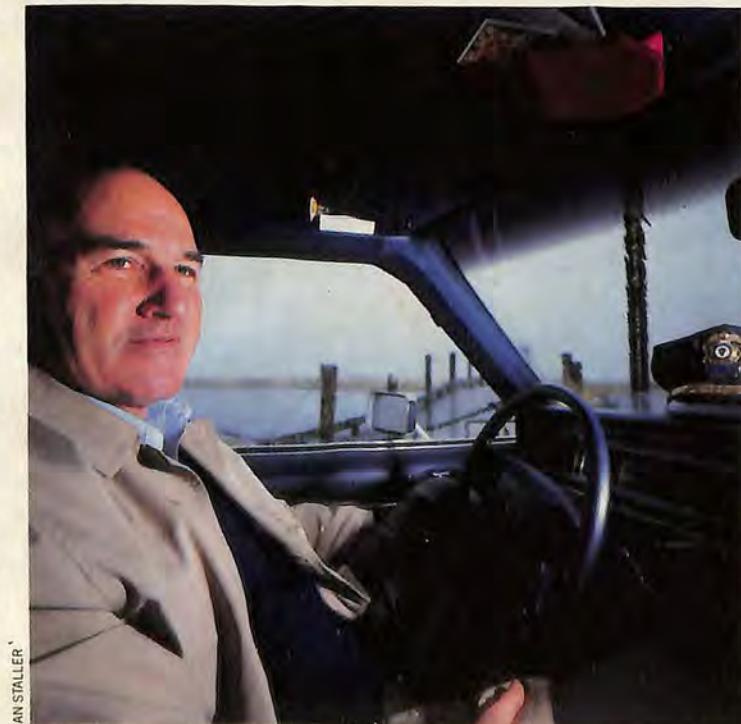
But the magic of the Kennedy name has, in the case of Ted since Chappaquiddick, stopped at the state line. In 1979, his expected candidacy for President unleashed a flurry of new Chappaquiddick stories, and questions about the tragedy peppered his public appearances. In a television interview with Kennedy broad-

cast in November 1979, Roger Mudd followed probing questions about the Chappaquiddick incident and allegations about extramarital activities with a final query that proved to be devastating. "Why do you want to be President?" asked Mudd. Kennedy, perhaps unnerved by the earlier questions, gave a response so fumbling and incoherent that many think his Presidential chances ended right there.

In 1984, Kennedy discouraged talk of a restoration of Camelot and announced that he would not seek the Democratic nomination because, as surrogate father to his brothers' children and head of the Kennedy clan, he wanted to devote more time to his extended family. Relaxed and playful in 1988 ("I have always maintained that what the country needed was a President from Massachusetts"), Kennedy seemed to enjoy campaigning for Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis. His "Where was George [Bush]?" speech, delivered at the Democratic National Convention that nominated Dukakis, brought cheering delegates to their feet, though many in the television audience felt they glimpsed the dynastic future in a brief appearance by his nephew, John F. Kennedy Jr., then a 27-year-old law student. (The future may also be represented by Joseph Kennedy II, 36, the eldest son of Robert F. Kennedy, who currently serves the same Massachusetts Congressional district his uncle John once represented.)

Today, all requests for interviews with Kennedy about Chappaquiddick are denied. The Senator has long maintained that there is nothing new to say about the accident. Of those present at the party that night, only Joe Gargan has gone on the public record with new information. Gargan claims Kennedy tried insistently to talk him into reporting a falsified account of the accident to police; Gargan was to say that Kopechne had been driving and that she had been alone when the accident occurred [see "Senatorial Privilege?"].

In November 1988, another principal's allegations again made news. John Ferrar, the diver who brought up Kopechne's body the morning after the accident, reiter-



Still a police chief, Dominick Arena admits his investigation was less than thorough. "Look," he explains, "when a U.S. senator walks into your office, you snap to attention."

ated to TV interviewer Geraldo Rivera his long-held contention that the young woman had been conscious for some considerable time after the car sank, breathing air trapped in a pocket of the passenger compartment. "There's no question," Ferrar said, "that if the fire department had been notified within approximately one-half to one hour of the time of the accident, we would have

saved the girl's life." Leslie Leland, foreman of the grand jury that investigated the incident, said on the same program that if information about the air pocket had been known at the time, "an indictment of manslaughter would have been brought in."

Dominick Arena, today the police chief of Lincoln, Mass., doubts such a charge could have been proved. "Massa-

chusetts law at that time required proof of wanton and willful neglect," he explains. But he does admit his investigation was perfunctory at best. "Look," he said, "when you're a small-town cop and a United States senator walks into your office, you snap to attention, right? . . . I hadn't had a chance to think about some things because I ended up being concerned more with inquiries from the press

Senatorial Privilege?

By Dennis Hevesi

Leo Damore believes that the Kennedy family managed for a time to suppress publication of his book *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-Up*.

Damore also claims that Random House, the publisher that commissioned the book, got cold feet after he turned in a hot manuscript. Then, he says, they scared other publishers away from it. Random House says that's ridiculous.

After six years of controversy, Damore admits he has no hard evidence to support his charges. What the former *Cape Cod News* reporter does have, however, is a reason to gloat. After his book had been rejected by a total of eight publishing houses, it finally came out last year and spent 18 weeks on *The New York Times* best seller list.

"You bet it feels good," says the 58-year-old author, who spent four years working on *Senatorial Privilege*.

Based largely on interviews with Kennedy cousin Joe Gargan, the book claims Kennedy wanted to tell police Kopecne had been in the car alone; the plan called for Gargan to "discover" the accident and report it to police. Kennedy made the suggestion at the accident scene after he, Gargan and Paul Markham made repeated dives to rescue the young woman from the submerged car. Both Gargan and Markham refused to go along with the deception, pointing out that they didn't even know if Kopecne could drive or had a license.

The argument continued as the three men drove to the Chappaquiddick ferry

landing, where, according to Damore and Gargan, Kennedy agreed to report the accident, then plunged into the water and swam across the channel to his Edgartown hotel. Gargan says he and Markham arrived at the hotel the next morning to discover that Kennedy, freshly shaved, neatly dressed and chatting amiably with acquaintances about sailing, still had not reported the accident. Only after learning that the car had been discovered did he finally go to the police.

Senator Kennedy has declined to comment on these allegations. A Kennedy spokesman said, "The charges about Senator Kennedy are false. The book is an irresponsible rehash of all the old rumor and innuendo."

Damore says that the Gargan account was part of the first installment of the manuscript he submitted to Random House in December 1983. The publisher had signed him with a \$250,000

advance—\$150,000 of it up front—expecting major new material about Chappaquiddick.

Six months later, Damore submitted a completed 1,100-page manuscript. He says that Peter Osnos, his Random House editor, first told him it needed to be cut, shaped and tightened. Later, Damore says, Osnos changed signals, telling the author to "take some time off. He said he'd get back to me."

The rest, says Damore, was silence. "I called a couple of times, and Peter was always out of town. My agent wrote to Random House, saying, 'Leo is ready



Damore: "You bet it feels good."

to undertake the editing. Let's do it.'" Two days later, according to Damore, a letter came back canceling the contract.

Osnos now says that Damore insisted that Random House "pay him the remainder of his advance before he would do any more work. So we had no choice but to reject the book." In May 1985, the publishing house filed suit against Damore for return of the \$150,000 it had advanced him. Two years later, a New York State Supreme Court Justice ordered Damore to return the advance.

Former Random House vice president Anthony Schulte insists "there was no conspiracy, no outside pressure to drop the book. None of that had anything to do with it. We were simply not satisfied with the manuscript, the direction the book was going."

In the end, Alfred S. Regnery, president of Regnery Gateway, a small Washington publishing house, gave Damore a new contract for *Senatorial Privilege*. Regnery says he sought and received assurance from Random House that questions of libel "and even reliability" had not influenced its decision to break the original contract.

Did Regnery accept *Senatorial Privilege* because it bashes Kennedy? "I can't deny that politically, it came to a conclusion we liked as far as Kennedy is concerned," the publisher admits.

Motives aside, the decision turned out to be good business. The book was released in June 1988, and Regnery Gateway has printed 147,000 copies thus far. Dell bought the paperback rights for \$110,000. And, says Regnery, Damore "still has a lot of royalties coming."

DENNIS HEVESI is a reporter for The New York Times.



After leaving the party at 11:15 P.M., Kennedy and Kopechne were headed down a lonely dirt road to a beach when the car went off the bridge.

than anything else." Arena says he particularly regrets not interviewing Kennedy's driver, Jack Crimmins, who had also attended the party. According to Arena, Crimmins tried to see him the day Kopechne's body was discovered. "I was tied up and never talked to him," Arena says. "To this day I regret this. I've always wondered what he wanted to tell me." (When Arena finally did talk with Crimmins, days later, the driver added no new information to the investigation.)

Arena says he never dreamed that the story would continue to intrigue people after two decades. "I've spent 34 years in police work," he says, "but I know that when I die my obit will describe me as a 'Chappaquiddick figure.'" After a pause, he adds, "But the spectre will haunt Kennedy for the rest of his life."

Indeed, for many Americans Chappaquiddick remains a painful reminder of lost innocence. The Kennedys, particularly the martyred brothers, held a special grip on the affections of a broad constituency; Chappaquiddick abruptly devalued their legacy. In so doing, it helped set the stage for the conservatism that has defined American politics for the past 20 years. Indeed, Ted Kennedy may well have been the last political figure who could proclaim himself a liberal and still count on the support and approval of a wide spectrum of Americans. But not after Chappaquiddick.

Coverage of the incident also marked a watershed for the American press. From then on, journalists showed an increased willingness to scrutinize *all* aspects of politicians' lives. No longer would there be allowances made for "boys' nights out" or other personal escapades of public figures. The abrupt end of Gary Hart's Presidential quest in 1988 can be traced, in part, to Chappaquiddick.

It's hard to know exactly why certain events lodge themselves in our collective memory while others "decompose," as Virginia Wolfe once put it, "in the eternity of print." What we do know is that when that fateful weekend in July is recalled, the names many Americans conjure up are those of Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin, Ted Kennedy and Mary Jo Kopechne. ■

ED JOYCE was president of CBS News from 1983 to 1986. His personal account of network television, *Prime Times, Bad Times*, was released in paperback last March. He is currently working on a novel.

My Uncle Lester was an expert corn-on-the-cob eater. (At least that's what he said.)

At our family picnics, I used to love watching him. He'd reach into the bucket, snap up a hot ear of corn, and juggle it frantically back to his plate.

Then, as he drowned his dinner in **LAND O LAKES® Butter**, he'd lecture on the finer points of salting, holding, and devouring each ear "the right way," typewriter style.

I haven't seen Uncle Lester in years, and I can't say I remember every little detail of his "cobbing" technique.

But I'll have to admit that even today I still heartily endorse the part about **LAND O LAKES® Butter**.



The Taste That Brings You Back

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Growing Pains

By Delphine Taylor



COURTESY OF ROSEMARY RICE AND THE MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING



Rosemary Rice, whose narration, "... But most of all, I remember Mama," introduced the long-running series each week, played Katrin, the elder daughter of the Hansen family. *I Remember Mama*, based on Kathryn Forbes's book of short stories, *Mama's Bank Account*, premiered on television in 1949. Rice starred with Dick Van Patten, who played her brother Nels. She says fame never went to her head, because "we didn't realize how big we were." Her only regret today, she says, is not having had a real social life. "I never went to a dance, but I would never change what I did." After *Mama*, Rice continued to do radio and television shows and commercials. "Just because a show ends doesn't mean your life is over," she says. She currently sings and narrates stories on records for children. She lives in New Canaan, Conn., with her husband and two children.

Billy Mumy played the wide-eyed and helpful teen-ager, Will Robinson, on the 60's sci-fi series *Lost in Space*. After the show ended in 1968 and acting jobs grew scarce, he turned to music. "From the time I was 12," he says today, "I imagined myself as Neil Young or Bob Dylan, with a hundred guitars and patches on my jeans." At 35, Mumy leads what he calls a "satiric" rock band, Barnes and Barnes, whose music video, "Fishheads," made a memorable 1980 debut on NBC's *Saturday Night Live*. He has also written songs for the rock band America, in which he occasionally plays guitar, and is currently collaborating on an album with actor Crispin Glover (*Back to the Future*). Mumy collects comic books and writes plots for Marvel Comics. He lives with his wife, two cats, a dog and a Porsche in Laurel Canyon, Calif.



Billy Gray, who played Bud Anderson, the wisecracking son on *Father Knows Best*, describes his younger self as a "precoious, smart-assed kid who loved to show off. In real life, I was much worse than Bud." Gray was 15 when the series premiered in 1954, and, though he regrets missing the high school experience, he is nonetheless glad he was on the sitcom. "Being treated as an adult had a very positive effect on me," says Gray today. "It was a real confidence booster." Still, in 1962, after the show had ended, he ran into some trouble when he was arrested for drunk driving and possession of marijuana. "I was 18 until I turned 35," he explains. At 51, he now races motorcycles and has invented such gadgets as a jack-o'-lantern candle and a champagne cork remover. "I don't make a whole lot of money," he admits, "but I haven't needed to work since I was 21," his age when the show ended. Living in Los Angeles, Gray remains friendly with his TV mom, Jane Wyatt. "We weren't like a real family," he says. "We didn't live in each other's lives. But we had a good time."

Johnnie Whitaker

played the freckled Jodie in the 60's series *A Family Affair* and later starred in *Sigmund and the Sea Monsters*, a program for children. A Mormon, he left Hollywood at 19 to study TV production at Brigham Young University and then went on a two-year church mission to Portugal. Now 29 and recently divorced, Whitaker works as a word-processing consultant but would like to get back into show business, this time as a producer. "It's very difficult for former child actors to get work," he says. "We're too recognizable." He is writing a documentary about child actors, who, he maintains, are victims of "an industry that devours its young." He links the drug-overdose death of actress Anissa Jones, who played his twin sister, Buffy, on *A Family Affair*, to the show's cancellation in 1971. "When we worked together," he says of Jones, who died at 18, "we were very close. But when the show ended and she got hold of her money, she got a lot of new friends—the wrong friends."

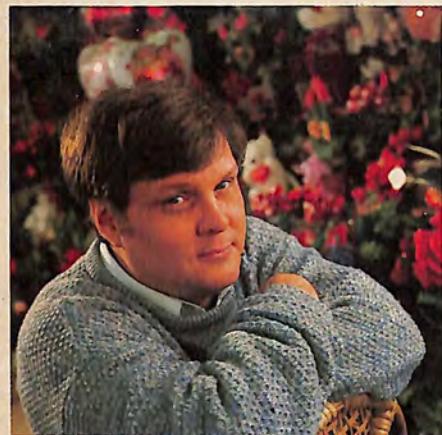


CBS PHOTOGRAPHY



GARY MOSS/OUTLINE PRESS (3)

WHERE ARE



COURTESY OF JEANNIE RUSSELL



GARY MOSS/OUTLINE PRESS (4)



"I was pushed into acting, and I hated it," says **Jay North**, who starred as *Dennis the Menace* in the early 60's. From the age of 5, North was coached and groomed by his aunt and uncle—to the detriment, he says today, of his education. "It's a rough business. You're put into a goldfish bowl, and every movement you make, everything you say, is magnified 10 times. You have no opportunity to relax and be a normal human being." Described by his former co-star Jeannie Russell (who played Margaret

THEY NOW?

as "an extremely sensitive child who carried a lot of responsibility on his shoulders," North now feels he was manipulated by producers and directors. "They don't give a damn about kids' feelings," he says. "To them, you're nothing but a piece of meat." When *Dennis* ended in 1963, North was urged by his aunt and uncle to look for other acting work. His 1965 movie, *Maya*, turned into a short-

lived TV series. After limited success in summer stock and as a cartoon voice, North joined the Navy. Now 37 and divorced, he is a nutritional consultant to health-food stores in Los Angeles. He recently completed a TV script about convicts on death row. "All my life, I've had to hear, 'Dennis the Menace,' 'Dennis the Menace,' 'Dennis the Menace.' You can understand my pathological hatred for it," says North today.

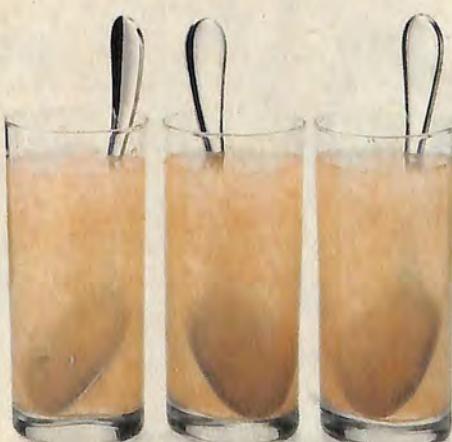
In stark contrast to Jay North, **Jeannie Russell** loved her role as Dennis the Menace's four-eyed friend, Margaret Wade. "It was so exhilarating—like a narcotic," she says. But when the show ended and she couldn't get other parts, she gave up acting. "It's not easy when what you've been trained to do as a child is no longer valid," she says, "and nothing is worse than being on the fringes of show business." She credits dance, the study of holistic medicine and her conversion to Buddhism at the age of 18 with filling the void. "My survival skills just kicked in, and my family didn't make me feel it was the end of the world." Now a chiropractor in North Hollywood, Russell, 38, recently married a children's party performer. The couple have no plans for children of their own, because, she explains, "I'm still growing up. As a child, my life revolved around the set and not the playground. Now it's catch-up time."

Constipated?

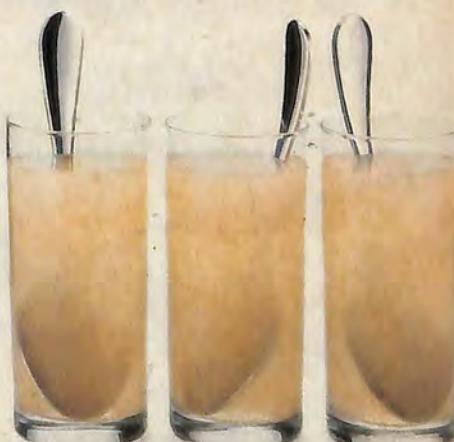
You may have to take this much fiber laxative for as many as three days to get relief.



Monday



Tuesday



Wednesday



PHOTOFEST

Bobby Diamond played Joey Newton, the 12-year-old orphan with the clever equine friend on the 50's series *Fury*. Since filming took place only during the summer, Diamond was able to attend a regular high school, where he excelled in gymnastics and swimming. When *Fury* went off the air after five years, Diamond kept up his acting while going to college and, later, to law school. He says it was good training. Today, at 44, he is a defense attorney in Los Angeles. Arguing before a

jury is "the same as acting," and winning a case requires "the ability to tell a good story. It all boils down to entertainment." Five years ago, Diamond combined both vocations when he began playing a lawyer on TV's *Divorce Court*, a role that lasted three years. "I wish they'd ask me back," he says. "It would be great publicity for my law practice!" An amateur painter for more than 15 years, Diamond describes his style as "a bit far-out."

Tim Considine was Spin of *Spin and Marty* before he took the role of the eldest son, Mike, on *My Three Sons* in 1960. He left the show in 1965, stopped acting in his mid-20's and now writes, directs and produces for TV. Having been a celebrity "can be a pain in the ass," he says. "Because I used to be an actor, some people assume I'm a snob. But on the other hand, it can open doors or get me a good table at a restaurant." Now 48, Considine is producing a film about the explorer Edgar Snow's adventures in China. He is also working on a motor-racing dictionary, having completed a sports dictionary and a book on soccer. He remembers the *Sons* cast as "a real family" and his TV brothers, Don Grady (Robbie) and Stanley Livingston (Chip), as "real, unspoiled little boys with their own interests. We're still close." Grady today is a songwriter, and Livingston is a screenwriter; both live in Los Angeles. Considine is married to a film producer and has a 9-year-old son, Christopher.



COURTESY OF TIM CONSIDINE



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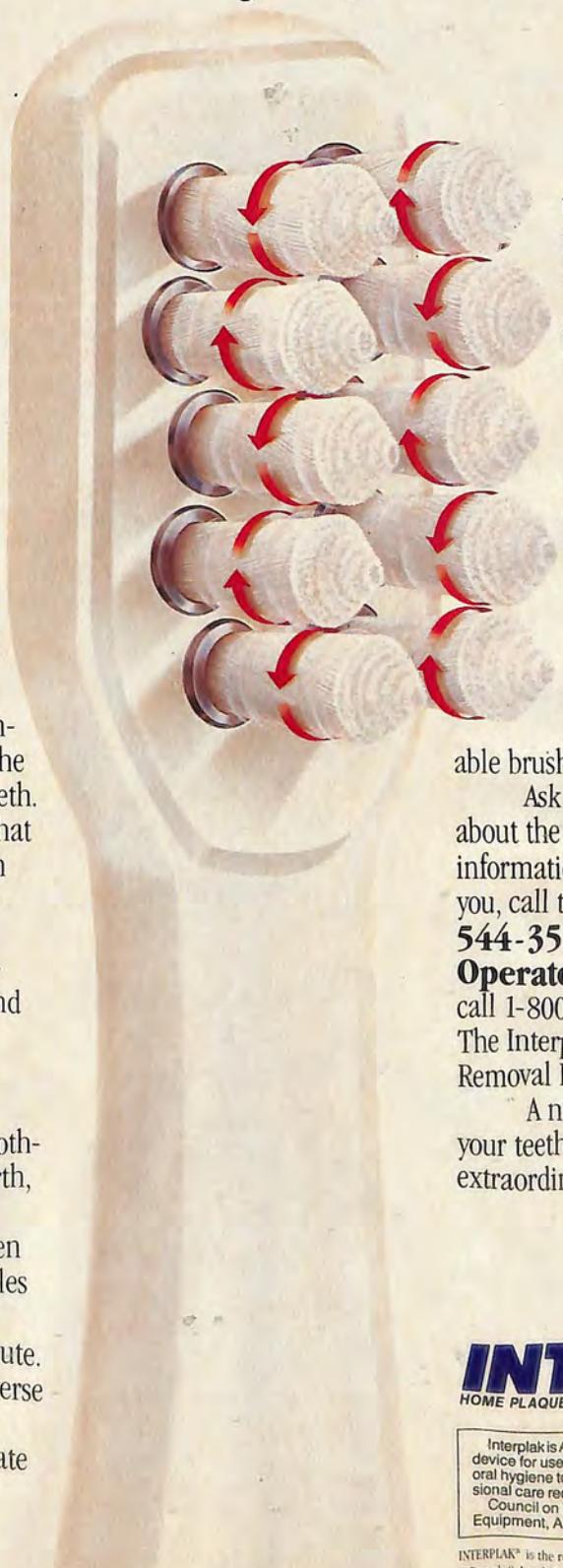
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Fate at the Wheel

By Henry Mitchell

After war broke out in Europe in September 1939, [Senator William] Borah's reaction was, 'Lord, if only I could have talked with Hitler, all this might have been avoided.'

—“WHAT WE THOUGHT OF HITLER,” PAGE 22.

We now know, now that it's too late, that World War II could have been avoided if only old Senator Borah had followed through on his intention to visit Hitler.

Something President Roosevelt said made Borah hesitate. And then it was too late. But the thing is, it would not have been easy. The fine Senator could not have expected to accomplish this in a 10-minute chat. It would have required a three-hour tea, preferably in the Bavarian Alps with Eva and the dogs. You can do so much more in an informal setting.

But everybody understands how memory reproaches us. We have left undone those things we ought to have done. When you crack the lid of memory who knows what shut-up dragons will flame out to hurt us. Only rarely when the lid is off are we greeted by the perfume of fragrant flowers, unbidden and delicious, for in many cases we have quite forgotten how fine we were on some occasion.

Sometimes, we have acted in good time (unlike Mr. Borah, who plunged the world in blood) and perhaps conveyed to a person of power some facts he ought to have known but had escaped him. Or facts on which he was too timid, too cowardly, to act. To write a memorandum—such as Roger Wilkins did to JFK—may prove far more important in the course of events than would seem likely on the day one took pen in hand.

To remember is to censor, or (to put it gently) to emphasize some factors and not others. Nothing awful about that. We see an auto crash and remember the car; we do not remember the street vendor we

also saw on the sidewalk. Memory tells stories, and we tell ourselves stories when we remember.

They are related to dreams. Some of them help us with anxieties, others tell us we are pretty remarkable, by God, and others reinforce the apparently innate notion of an age of gold. Once giants walked the earth and all that.

One of the worst assaults on the golden age of yesteryear has been the development of better cantaloupes, better sweet corn, better cooks. It is hard to glorify the past if you're eating a melon vastly better than any you ate as a child. It is also hard to yearn goldenwise if you see people with greater leisure and (O heresy!) greater happiness.

But nostalgia is the halfway house, by which you love the past and the sweet things in it without actually committing yourself to the nonsense that life was better then. Hopalong, the Supremes, I guess they are two of Mr. Bush's thousand points of light in a gentler, kindlier society, so of course we pad like velvety moles to their glimmer.

This is good. Very good. There need to be touchstones. Besides, we ought to praise famous men—if the Supremes don't mind the gender.

A central place in the current American pantheon is occupied by the Kennedys. People still go into orbit one way or another over the entire family. Someday a great play will be written about Ted Kennedy and his terrible car accident. There is something tragic about it, as in

Conrad's *Lord Jim* when the failure of one moment casts the entire life anew. The episode will never be forgotten, not because Mr. Kennedy is peculiarly important (compared to his brothers, for instance) but because his experience is the terror of every man yet born, that the whole world may be lost in the unguarded hour, without the least intention of evil, on a beautiful night with only happiness in prospect. But Fate is at the wheel.

It's distinctly odd, speaking of Kennedy times, how often people speak of Khrushchev. He was the first, of course, in his nation to say the Soviet past was monstrous. To what extent did his life change a superpower and set it on new roads? We are still too close to know, but I suspect anybody with personal recollections of the man will find a ready audience for years to come.

Good Senator Borah, he was nobody's fool; it's just that forces that he did not understand were already moving. As in the case of the Shah, there were tides that no negotiator could have stemmed. The Shah was in love with the West, his people were not. He wanted Western social gains, and millions did not. So now Iran has the Ayatollah Khomeini, and all is safe once more for the Middle Ages.

Still other memories, possibly the best of all, are those of some instant bittersweet, as lilac flowers have an undercurrent of sourness that keeps their fragrance wholesome. Like hay, which has the hint of death in it, but which is the most innocent and most evocative of all perfumes.

As when Lou Gehrig reaches for a mike, an afterthought—something yet needs saying, before the crowd is gone. Luckiest man alive. What wondrous life is this I lead? Ripe baseballs drop about my head. I've had as good innings as the gods grant any mortal.

Pity demeans a man, but the celebratory trumpets in the face of death ennoble him. To praise life for its wonder, its enchantments, is

not the only thing a guy should do, but it's one necessary thing, and it is the more stunning when it is done in Yankee Stadium. Now there's a memory for you, and the peace he won—won is the word—be on all of us.



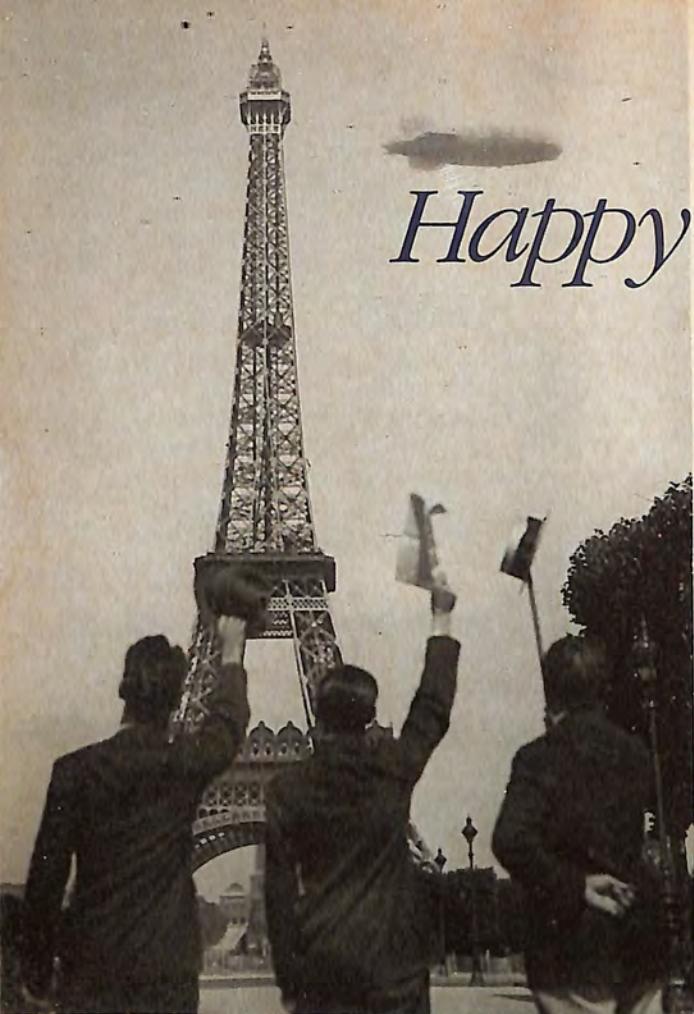
1989: Latest honor

HENRY MITCHELL is a columnist for the Washington Post.

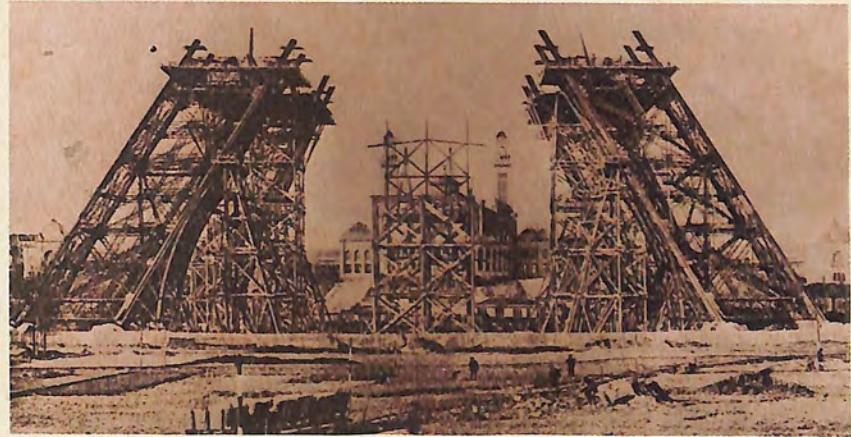
PHOTO FINISH

Happy Birthday, Eiffel Tower

(100 Years Old)



1929 Saluting the Graf Zeppelin



Construction began in 1887.

KEYSTONE

KEYSTONE



1978 The circus comes to town



1989: Centennial year for a grand landmark

MARC RIBOUD/MAGNUM



1953 Poetic paint job

ELLIOTT ERWITT/MAGNUM



1950
Monumental
reflections

PHOTO RESEARCH BY
BELLA BESSON-CONDON

"Your vacation isn't over until you've seen this sight."

—Bill Cosby

You just got back from your whirlwind trip! Five states in fourteen days. Or was it fourteen states in five days?

Anyway, you probably took lots of great snapshots. And now you need great developing. That's where the Kodak Colorwatch system comes in.

Colorwatch means great developing. Always look for the Colorwatch system seal at the photo counter when you bring in your film for developing.

Because every photofinisher who shows the seal uses Kodak chemicals and Kodak Technet™ equipment—a computerized system that checks for balance and density. (In other words, great color!)

Kodak paper is behind it all.

The quality of a snapshot has a lot to do with the paper it's printed on.

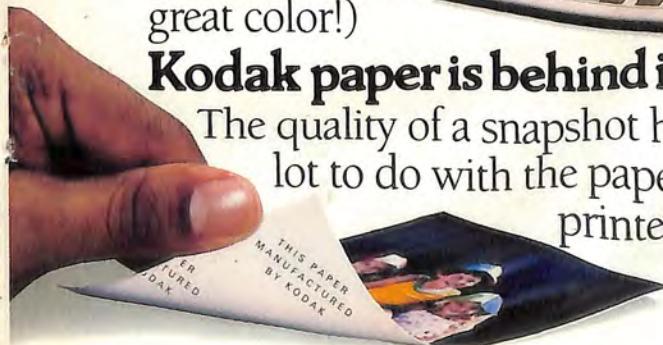
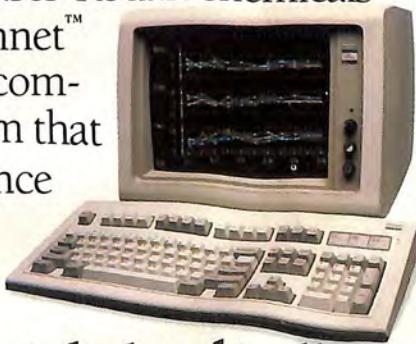


The Colorwatch system seal tells you that only Kodak paper is used.

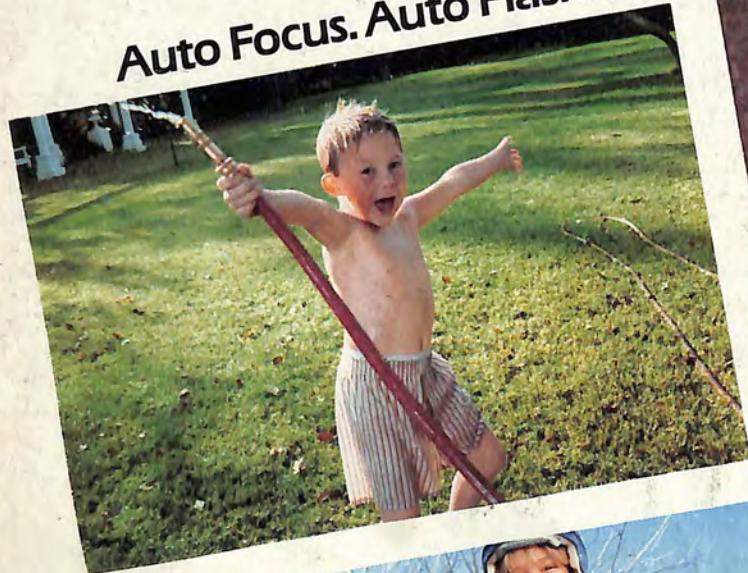
In fact, you'll see the Kodak name on the back of every picture. It's one more way the Colorwatch system can make the most of your vacation!

The Kodak Colorwatch system for great developing.

"You're going to thank me for it!"



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With Kodak's S series cameras you automatically get pictures that are 35 mm sharp, crisp, and colorful. The S series includes five different models with a variety of features. Our S 500 has auto flash and auto focus. Just point and shoot. Kodak 35 mm cameras. The automatic way to get pictures that are, simply, fantastic. **KODAK 35 mm cameras. For the best pictures of your life.**

